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# A Tale of Two Ministries

DUPLICATE

Six weeks ago, when the government at last announced an emergency system of petrol rationing and reduced supplies of fuel oil, the scheme seemed ill-considered. Now, in its third week, it has clearly come close to breakdown. The two ministries concerned—and what reason was there for dividing the responsibility between Fuel and Transport?—have been driven from one expedient to the next. And this tale of muddle, delay, concessions, doles, advances and revisions, points to only one conclusion. When the Suez adventure was planned, no one made any serious effort to assess the consequences of failure. The government gambled on seizing the Canal—had not its military advisers given assurances that the Egyptians could not block it effectively?—and it believed that there would only be a short interruption in oil shipments from the Middle East. From August to October, therefore, the preparation of a rationing scheme went forward lamely and inadequately. It is doubtful, in fact, whether the government really faced the need for rationing before the beginning of November—after the Canal had been blocked.

When the first gamble failed, there was an extraordinary delay in introducing rationing. Whatever the reason, it caused more confusion and permitted garages to make windfall profits on the tax and price increase. And once the details of the scheme were published, it was clear that the government was still gambling—this time on emergency American shipments which would enable it to honour a system designed more to placate private motorists than to ensure the efficient movement of essential supplies and services. Hence the hesitations and evasions of the past three weeks. As the demands for supplementary allowances piled up, from over half the car owners and from the operators of every goods vehicle, the administrative machine broke down. At the same time, the government realised that oil imports were not coming forward as it had hoped. It is now trying to balance shrinking supplies against a much greater demand than it anticipated.

This flood of requests for more petrol and diesel oil should have been foreseen. Some of them, of course, spring from the natural desire to get as much as possible. But the real cause lies in the scheme itself. Ignoring the great diversity in the needs of users, it sought to avoid separate assessment of each application. This dependence on an arbitrary formula for both basic and supplementary allowances meant that there could be no proper means of planning priorities. And once the haulage firms were forced to use up their basic coupons—without any idea of what to expect by way of supplementaries—the government has been driven to give emergency doles merely to keep foodstuffs and raw materials moving. That alone, six weeks after the announcement of rationing, is damning evidence of administrative incompetence—more especially at the Ministry of Transport, which has botched its crucial part of the scheme.

The price is already being paid. Road haulage is slowing down; unemployment and short-time are increasing, especially in trades already hard pressed by the credit-squeeze. All this, and rising prices too, follow from the breakdown of road transport. But other troubles are ahead. Industrial users of fuel oil had some stocks, and by various economy measures they managed to offset the first cut of 10 per cent. On Tuesday, however, another cut of 10 per cent. was imposed, and this is unlikely to be the last, for the outlook for fuel oil is as bleak as the prospect for petrol. Production is bound to suffer. And a really bad spell of weather might create a general fuel crisis far graver than the troubles of 1947.

All these problems are cumulative. Our economy, like the government, is now living from hand to mouth. The ministers do not yet know what they can expect from the western hemisphere; what arrangements are to be made with OEEC; or when they can expect to get Middle East oil again. June seems the earliest date for which real relief can be hoped. If chaos is to be avoided, emergency measures have to be taken. And among them, in the public interest, must be a searching inquiry into the causes of this incredible and grievous muddle.

# Comments on the Week's News

## The Doctors' Wage Claim

There is no doubt that doctors feel strongly about their claim for a 24 per cent. increase in their Health Service earnings. They insist they are paid under a contract which must be honoured by the government. The Spens Committee formula on which they were induced to come into the service recognised that their average earnings should be higher than in 1939. It also included a phrase which is causing all the trouble, namely that the agreed figure of 18 per cent. above 1939 earnings should be adjusted "not only to estimates in the change of the value of money but to the increases which have, in fact, taken place since 1939 in incomes in other professions." In 1952 the Danckwerts adjudication of the "betterment" factor brought their incomes to an average of £2,222, plus £980 expenses. An equivalent adjustment now would bring them another £10 a week. It is not surprising that the government flinches at this provocative claim at a time when it is urging wage restraint, but the Minister of Health's stupidly brusque rejection of it has roused an ugly mood. Legalistically the doctors have a strong case; the pledge to honour the Spens formula was repeatedly given when the Health Service was launched. The least the government can do is to offer to re-negotiate it. By agreeing at last to meet the B.M.A., Mr. Turton may now be recognising this. The real problem is what adjustments should be made. By insisting on an automatic guarantee against falls in the value of money the doctors are claiming a specially privileged position. The Danckwerts award increased their earnings to 137 per cent. over pre-war; for an Assistant Secretary in the Civil Service the increase has been only 73 per cent.—including the recent Royal Commission award. The doctors' new claim, by increasing the differential with other professions, would heighten the grievances elsewhere—not least in teaching. It brings out the need for a comprehensive review of professional rewards in the light of emerging social needs rather than old social traditions. How, for instance, can we justify paying doctors more than physicists who lecture and do research work in some of our leading hospitals and universities—and draw salaries ranging from only £800 to £1,400 a year? On the other hand, doctors are on stronger ground in pressing for more financial encouragement for those doctors who give better service; and adjustments to meet this ought to be discussed. One suggestion is that the expenses allowance should be based on actual expenditure in each case rather than on a national average. There may also be cases of real hardship where doctors are earning much less than £2,222. In pressing points like this the B.M.A. will have public sympathy.

## Wages Under Pressure

The wage-settlements announced during the latter months of 1956 seemed to indicate a tendency towards wage-stabilisation; the advances granted to the busmen and others were only just enough to offset the increases in living costs already registered earlier in the year. It would be unwise, however, to attach very great weight to these settlements; for they do not extend to either the railway workers or the vast groups covered by bargaining in the engineering and shipbuilding trades. In the former case a small advance has been offered but not accepted as adequate; in the latter, the employers are still apparently unwilling to concede any advance at all. This attitude may well be modified in the near future; but it seems unlikely that the engineering employers, in view of current difficulties in the motor industry and elsewhere, will be prepared to make an offer of any size. Both the engineers and the railwaymen will be faced with difficult decisions—to accept advances which will do nothing to meet coming price increases, or to threaten strike action. The union leaders, at any rate in the engineering industry, are likely to be pretty reluctant to call a strike, which would certainly be unpopular with some sections of the membership, both among those who are doing well and among those who fear being dismissed as redundant. But, as against this, another section of the members will certainly press strongly for a strike, unless the employers make a better offer than seems likely at present. The most probable course of events seems to be a deadlock in the negotiations followed by a strike threat which may or may not induce the employers to offer more, but with a considerable likelihood of a last-minute settlement without an actual stoppage. The employers, with government backing, will certainly do all they can, short of forcing a national strike, to limit wage concessions to a minimum, and then the union leadership may be ready to meet them at least half-way. The big question mark is, of course, by how much living costs will actually rise during the present year, and how tight the squeeze will become as the bills for Suez come in.

## Ten Years After

The National Coal Board has celebrated the completion of the first ten years' working of nationalisation with a collective volume published by the *Colliery Guardian*. In general, the tone is optimistic, especially in respect of the technical progress that is being achieved under the amended development plan. There is, however, a warning note in the contribution by Mr. W. H. Sales, who points out that, year after year, the number of strikes has been well over 1,000, and that it has actually risen each year since 1951 from 1,067 to 1,784 in 1955. He not only sees the problem of satisfactory working relations as unsolved but also thinks that the Board is coming near the exhaustion of the fund of goodwill with which it began, and that "we"—that is the Board—"must press on, and speedily, with the policy of taking the miners into our confidence and of building with them a system of co-operation within which their working lives could fall into a satisfying pattern." Very true, but easier said than done; for clearly the right relations need to be established pit by pit, and no mere change in central or regional administration will suffice. On the question of production, Mr. E. F. Schumacher brings out very clearly the rapid rate of natural wastage to which the coal industry is subject, and its entire dependence on new sinkings and major reconstructions for getting higher total output, and also the considerable increases achieved where such developments have already reached the productive stage. It is now clear that capital expenditure on the mines was much too low during the Board's earlier years, and that it will need to continue at a very rapid rate for some time to come. One big question, which does not seem to be discussed in the present review, is whether the N.C.B. has been well advised in the price policies it has followed so far. There is a good deal to be said for the view that British coal has been sold too cheaply in the home market, to the advantage of other industries and their exports, but to the detriment of the coal industry's own solvency and capacity to cover the costs it needs to meet.

## Violence in the South

The new outbreak of violence in the South is on a small scale, but it may be an augury of more incidents as the Supreme Court ruling against segregated seating on local buses is taken up by Negro communities. In Montgomery, Alabama, the city in which the long Negro boycott ended with victory in the test case, sporadic shooting has not deterred Negro passengers from crossing the Jim Crow line. And this crack in the facade of segregation—now widening as the Negroes press the Montgomery precedent in Birmingham, Tallahassee and Baton Rouge—may prove to be decisive. It is the first important defeat for the South, since resistance began to harden two years ago, because a local community is having to obey a Supreme Court decision. Such a defeat is bound to be answered by violence on the part of white supremacists, in an attempt to stop other Negroes from becoming too "uppitty." The incidents in Kershaw County, in South Carolina, where both whites and Negroes have been assaulted, are not directly related to a Court decision. In this county, there has been a faction fight within the local Ku Klux Klan, and friction between the Klan and the leaders of the local Citizens' Council, who have been trying to preserve white supremacy by "moderate" means. It seems probable that the shooting and beatings are the work of the "rebel" Klan group. Early this autumn, one Klan leader was warning the Citizens' Council that the "rebel" group meant trouble and asking for joint action to preserve "order."

## Revolt in Indonesia

The army rebellion in Sumatra is now in its third week. It is essentially a revolt against the over-centralised bureaucracy in Djakarta; it is confused by personal issues, and by grave charges of inefficiency and corruption in the bureaucracy. It will not be ended by relieving army commanders of their posts and replacing them by officers who are appointed for political reasons by the central government. In North Sumatra, the authority of Colonel Ginting, who was sent to put down the rebellion, now extends no further than the area round Medan. The leader of the revolt, Colonel Simbolon, has escaped into the vast jungle territory, where he will presumably link up with Colonel Ahmad Hussein, leader of the rebellion in Central Sumatra. Colonel Hussein has declared that the central government no longer pays attention to the desires of the people and that the provincial administration has been forced to take matters into its own hands. Meanwhile, in Djakarta, political leaders struggle and intrigue for position, although, as Mohammed Natsir (Chairman of the Masjumi Party) has put it, the "big question is not how to solve the Simbolon or Hussein affairs, but whether the danger of the disintegration in the state can be overcome." President Sukarno, the victim of his own personal demagogy, may be tempted to form a presidential cabinet. Former Vice-President Hatta, the most widely respected politician but not a party man, says that such a step without consent of parlia-

ment would amount to a *coup d'état*. In this political struggle for power, the Masjumi Party is still capable of tipping the balance in the Ali Sastroamidjojo government. Its recent congress urged the present cabinet to resign in favour of a national business cabinet under Dr. Hatta's leadership. The Communist Party, the Masjumi's bitterest opponent, has now launched a campaign against Dr. Hatta. The crisis—which could even lead to a break with Java—has not yet reached its climax.

### The Singapore Talks

The Chief Ministers of Malaya and Singapore have been in London for preliminary talks before this year's decisive conferences. Mr. Lim Yew Hock is optimistic. Certainly his bargaining position is much stronger than Mr. David Marshall's was, because he has got Tungku Abdul Rahman's firm support for his proposed Anglo-Singaporean-Malayan internal Security Council. We may see Singapore with a kind of Maltese status before the end of the year. But it is still not clear how Singapore is to achieve independence. The present British government is not prepared to grant separate independence to the Colony. And the existing Malay leadership—under the Tungku—is less than ever ready for political union, or even federation with Singapore. No answer to the problem is in sight short of the advent—still unlikely—of a "pro-merger" government to power in Kuala Lumpur. If Singapore's internal evolution under self-government is peaceful and democratic, time may bring merger—and Singapore's participation in independence—within reach. The danger is going to be in the interim, when revolutionary discontent in Singapore will be aggravated by the inequality of status between the Colony and the neighbouring Malayan Federation which, before the end of 1957, is likely to have its complete independence. The British government should seek every opportunity to encourage arrangements between Singapore and the Federation—possibly a loose confederation—in order to make Singapore's independence practicable. Meanwhile, what are the prospects of a smooth Malayan transition to independence? The blueprint for next August is pretty clear. Tungku Abdul Rahman wants to take no risks. Like the present Singapore leaders he will ask British forces to remain in Malaya; temporarily, under Malayan command, to fight the Communist rebels; permanently as part of Malayan and Commonwealth external defence under the proposed defence treaty which has just been under discussion in London. But the Malayans are likely to insist on every sort of Malayan control and limitation on British bases and forces. The Malayan leaders will pretty certainly want to take their own independent decision later about possible accession to Seato. Under the only possible agreed arrangements, therefore, British military commitments in Malaya would remain substantially unaltered, but would pass partly under Malayan control and partly under regulation by the defence treaty.

# News from Our Own Correspondents

## Berlin

### The Sentence on Otto John

*A Special Correspondent writes from Berlin:* German newspapers agree that the sentence of four years in jail imposed upon Otto John is a severe one. "A hard sentence for Otto John," headlined the *Frankfurter Rundschau*; "A bitter Christmas gift," wrote the *Sueddeutsche Zeitung*. The Social Democratic Press Service said that the sentence was vindictive. Even Conservative newspapers consider it extraordinary that the court should exceed the sentence of two years proposed by the federal attorney—which would have meant only one year, taking into account the year that Otto John has already spent under arrest.

A justification advanced by the federal court for the severity was that "otherwise the people might gain the impression that the little ones are hanged and big ones get away." This argument will make it very difficult for the government to grant John a reprieve. The government has some moral obligation in this matter because John was told by responsible officials before he returned to West Germany that he might expect clemency. Moreover, the federal attorney had pleaded with the court for leniency, and the case is essentially political. *Sueddeutsche Zeitung* regrets that the court was moved by fear of popular reaction to a lesser sentence and so showed that it was not free from extra-legal considerations. *Frankfurter Rundschau* is sorry that the judges were lacking in compassion, and considers it "strange and regrettable" that such severity was shown to a survivor of the anti-Nazi conspiracy of June 20, 1944, "especially when one takes into account the incomprehensible mildness with which Nazi criminals are treated in German courts." This paper continues that John's statements about the danger of renazification and remilitarisation could spring from an honest concern about the developments in West Germany: the court had said that John was free to make his criticism in West Germany but not in East Germany because that helped the enemy; but if that judgment were a precedent it would lead to the prosecution of every German, even a citizen of the East German republic, who made critical remarks about West Germany on East German territory.

*Sueddeutsche Zeitung* remarks that German justice has not matured politically. "In cases of petty pilfering," the newspaper writes, "it suffices to correlate the crime with the correct paragraph of the law book, but political cases require the weighing of many facts and circumstances. One cannot get away from the feeling, to put it crudely, that John has been sentenced so harshly because he is a renegade, an apostate, a fallen man; for no one accuses him, not even the court, of [acting] with treasonable motives."

In an impassioned defence of the court, *Die Welt* writes that "there were many people in Germany and outside who wanted John to be set free and the court knew this. But it acted as if outside pressures did not exist. What a sense of security this provides for us all. In the sovereignty of the court over the wishes of the government lies the only protection for the common citizen against arbitrariness and special interests." And *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, which proclaims that "justice has proved its independence beyond all doubt," praises the court for its patience in handling the case. But it also expresses some doubts about the narrow view adopted by the judges. The newspaper regrets that the federal attorney did not succeed in introducing the idea of political justice into the case, since "it is not easy to judge the significance of a political act . . . and its danger to the state." *Hamburger Abendblatt* is among the few newspapers that concern themselves with the plight of Otto John. It writes that "the judges acknowledge that Otto John is no criminal and that he had acted in a state of mental confusion. The psychiatrist gave his opinion that John would not have acted this way if he had not been saddled with a job far above his capacity."

## New Delhi

### Bandung By-product

*A Special Correspondent writes:* Why should nearly three hundred Indian writers (writing in 16 Indian languages) and 80 Asian writers (writing in 16 Asian languages) confer? How could they talk to each other? What could the turbaned, saronged, bearded, fezzed, trousered or dhotied delegates have talked about? First, nearly three-fourths of the Asian writers who attended were political beings. At least half the Indian writers present were academics, engaged in some form of teaching. Both categories are, I believe, natural conference-men. They confer because their sense of personal achievement is directly proportional to the *number* of people with whom they have discussed a problem. Secondly, several languages were used: English was the medium of translation. Thirdly, the conference was inspired by the "new spirit of emergent Asia." In other words it was a by-product of the Bandung conference.

A group of Indian writers, headed by Dr. Mulk Raj Anand and, as a group, leaning left, initiated the get-together. When their preparations were finalised, writers belonging to the Indian Congress for Cultural Freedom decided to participate. Their motive: "to prevent the conference from becoming a tool of the Communists and speaking in the name of Asia." Their method: to question the composition of each Indian language group, to enrol the support of anti-Communist writers, to create a "bloc" in the secretariat, under the leadership of S. H. Vatsyayan, a Hindu writer who is a supporter of the C.C.F.

Each Indian writer showed how his own native tongue was truly Indian, how India had suffered because of English rule. Digging into history, each Indian writer pointed out the strength of Indian civilisation. Asian writers said that the people of Asia could not be kept apart any longer by their colonial rulers. They pleaded for a rediscovery of traditional roots and forms. The Chinese gave figures—of books published, or classics translated. The Russians said their biggest problem was that the more they wrote, the more they published, the more their people clamoured for.

At the end of the conference five statements were issued, unanimously. One pointed out the similarity of Asian traditions. It said that what is common in Asian literature is "the recognition of the supreme value of the human being," "love of freedom, of one's own country and people, of justice, peace and universal brotherhood," and "the emphasis on the spiritual value of life." Another stressed "the need for visits, personal contacts, for an Asian peace prize and the establishment of a chair of oriental studies in each university." The report of the commission on freedom and the writer said that several divergent views were put forward, but "the deliberations took place in an extremely friendly atmosphere." (I had heard the heated discussion that took place over the phrase "freedom in a totalitarian state.") A final statement proclaimed "the new consciousness of Asia, proud of its glorious heritage and the new determination to build a full life of spiritual and material richness and plenty for all its peoples."

# Is There an Eisenhower Doctrine?

THE New Year has opened a new era in the history of the Middle East. Its problems will doubtless continue to dominate international affairs in 1957 as they did in 1956; but the attempts to solve them will be made by different hands. A year ago this month, Sir Anthony Eden went to Washington with a definite policy for the area and a request for American co-operation in pursuing it. The policy can be quite simply stated: it was the maintenance of the *status quo*—including the free flow of oil—by the use of diplomatic and economic pressure and, in the last resort, armed force. America flatly rejected his request. Sir Anthony was therefore faced with a clear choice: either to change the policy, or to attempt to pursue it without American help. He eventually chose the second, and with disastrous results. Britain is now effectively excluded from playing any determinate political role in the area; and, as a result of Britain's exit, there is a vacuum not merely of power, but of policy. In a sense, therefore, we are back where we were last January. Once more, America is being asked to assume responsibility in the area; and this time, it seems, she has agreed to accept it.

But the clock cannot simply be put back. Too much has happened in the last twelve months. What America was asked to do a year ago was clear and specific: to abandon diplomatic and economic support for Egypt and Saudi Arabia, to join the Baghdad Pact, and to give guarantees that she would discharge her military obligations under the Tripartite Agreements. To agree to these demands now would be totally unrealistic, even if she were prepared to do so. In a sense, of course, the old American attitude towards Cairo ended with the withdrawal of Aswan aid; but in any case, by agreeing to act as the instrument of U.N. mediation in the area, America is automatically precluded from taking sides with any particular group of Arab states. Since Britain is now virtually excluded from its councils, the Baghdad Pact is moribund; and if America attempted to revive it, she would forfeit her precarious position as arbiter. The Tripartite Declaration, too, is dead, killed on the afternoon of October 30 by Sir Anthony Eden and M. Mollet. Above all, last January, America was asked to work in conjunction with Britain and France; now whatever she decides to do she must, of necessity, do it on her own initiative and with her own resources.

It must not be expected that anything more than the vague outlines of American policy will emerge during the next few months. So far, we have only three specific pointers to what this policy will be. First, the President is seeking congressional approval for "stand-by" authority to use American armed forces in the area. Secondly, this move has been welcomed by the American oil interests. Thirdly, Mr. Dulles has had talks with Mr. Hammarskjold on general Middle Eastern problems, which included, according to a State Department spokesman, the settlement of the Arab-Israeli dispute. These facts, seen against the events of recent months, indicate that three policy objectives are taking shape in the State Department. First, the "Eisenhower doctrine" is intended as a clear warning to Russia that America is prepared to resist Soviet aggression in the area by the use of armed force. The Administration is concerned by the extent to which the Soviet claim that the Bulganin note effectively forced the Anglo-French forces to accept the U.N. ceasefire resolution is being believed in the Arab world. When, at the time, Sir Anthony Eden asked for such a guarantee, the President refused, believing—no doubt rightly—that to accept would identify America, in Arab eyes, with the Anglo-French cause. Now, however, having secured the withdrawal of the aggressors, the President is anxious to make it plain to the Arab states, as well as to Russia, that America has both the will and the power to intervene in overwhelming force, should a real Russian threat develop. What constitutes a threat—whether "volunteers," arms supplies or internal subversion—is left deliberately vague. President Eisenhower clearly wishes to remain free to make up his own mind about the seriousness of the situation in Syria, for instance, and Colonel Nasser's alleged dependence on Soviet aid. But the doctrine, taken in conjunction with the statement by the oil companies, hints at a second and more precise axiom of policy: the Persian Gulf area, on whose oil supplies America is now making increasing demands, is to be regarded as a specifically western sphere of influence.

But to demarcate the permitted area of Soviet activity does not, in itself, constitute a Middle Eastern policy. Indeed, the widening scope for such activity is merely the direct consequence of the area's own internal problems, with which Eisenhower's doctrine does not deal. He has not even hinted what will be America's reaction to a further Arab-Israeli conflict, or to the outbreak of hostilities between two Arab states, such as Syria and Iraq. Yet it is evident that both these situations are far more likely to occur than a deliberate Soviet act of aggression in the area, or even a Soviet-inspired attempt to subvert one of the Arab governments. Moscow exploits the Middle East's troubles; it does not create them. Eisenhower's doctrine, therefore, is aimed at a remote and not an immediate contingency. What will be America's response if, after the final abrogation of the Anglo-Jordan treaty, Israel feels obliged to occupy western Jordan? Or if Iraq, in order to safeguard its principal source of income, is forced to intervene in Syria? Or if there is a major breach of the November ceasefire agreement (there have already been several minor ones)? We are still no nearer a reply to these questions, some of which are extremely urgent.

It is true that Mr. Dulles's conversations in New York suggest that the Administration is beginning to realise that an American Middle Eastern policy will not make sense unless it has a third objective: to secure an Arab-Israeli peace settlement. Indeed, the events of recent months prove, if they prove nothing else, that the first two objectives of American policy—the exclusion of Russia and the protection of the oilfields of the Persian Gulf—cannot be permanently secured without the prior achievement of the third. But to recognise the importance of this problem is only one step towards solving it. Is there any reason to suppose that America can succeed where Britain so signally failed?

On the face of it, the Arab-Israeli dispute has never seemed so acute. The invasion of Sinai has increased Arab fears of Israeli imperialism; there are now more scores to settle, and more refugees to spread hatred. But it must be remembered that the politics of the Middle East are not only the politics of race but also the politics of arms, and in this respect the Israeli action has succeeded in opening a new phase. Israel has inflicted a swift and humiliating defeat on the Egyptian army, despite its modern Czech equipment; and none of the other Arab states was able or willing to come to Egypt's aid. The military supremacy of Israel has, for a second time, been decisively demonstrated. Many Arabs must now be beginning to despair of destroying Israel by force of arms. Their hopes, of course, can and will be revived if Russia is permitted to reconstruct the Egyptian forces and to complete the arming of Syria. But if an effective arms embargo can be imposed on the Middle East now, while the military balance is in Israel's favour, there would seem to be a real chance of persuading the Arab states to accept, however reluctantly,

*"Anything you can do Ike can do better."*

a permanent frontier settlement. An arms ban, therefore, must be the first object of American policy. It should, if possible, be organised through the agency of the U.N.; but it clearly will not be effective unless America is prepared to negotiate directly with the Soviet Union. Last April, Marshal Bulganin circulated a note calling for a general arms embargo on the Middle East, to which the western powers failed to make a formal reply. The offer should now be taken up. It may be, of course, that the Russian terms—involving, perhaps, modifications in the military provisions of the Baghdad Pact and the withdrawal of American bombers from Saudi Arabia and Pakistan—will seem unacceptable. But they should not be rejected out of hand. Most of the functions of the Middle East land bases can now be discharged by the American 7th Fleet; and it must be remembered that so long as the Arab-Israeli conflict remains unresolved, those bases themselves are far from secure. In the long run, such a bargain might well be to America's advantage.

But an arms ban is only the precondition of a political settlement. Here also, however, the Suez action has created a new situation. In her new role as the dominant Middle Eastern power, America starts with two major advantages, neither of which Britain possessed. Her firm refusal to endorse the Anglo-French action and her unswerving adherence to U.N. majority decisions have placed her, in Arab eyes, in a strong moral position. She is, in addition, untainted by the Balfour Declaration, by the Guildhall Speech or by the blend of colonialism and sentimentality which gave British policy its fatal ambivalence. America's second advantage is physical. For the first time, a U.N. contingent, which can swiftly by augmented, and which is backed, in the last resort, by a powerful American striking force, is stationed on the Israeli frontier. So long as the force remains, therefore, the U.N. will be physically unable to remain inactive if a further Arab-Israeli conflict should break out; and this, in itself, is the best guarantee against such a conflict, since the ineffectiveness of the Tripartite Declaration was principally due to the conviction, shared by both Israelis and Arabs, that it was a paper promise.

But although the Arab hope of imposing a solution by force—which an arms embargo and the U.N. force will largely destroy—is the principal obstacle to a settlement, it is not the only one. Unless some solution to the refugee problem can be found, the Arabs will never be brought to accept Israel, and the frontier raids will continue. But here again there are grounds for hope. Israel, by her treatment of the 250,000 Gaza refugees, could give a striking example of what might be done; the rest will be up to America. A great part of the $400 million economic aid which the Administration hopes to obtain from Congress this year could be employed in re-settling the Palestinian refugees who, now that the U.N. is deployed on the Egyptian-Israeli frontier, present the greatest threat to peace. But much will depend on the form and context in which this aid is presented. Wherever possible, it should be distributed through the U.N. agencies, which alone can exert the moral pressure required to persuade the Arab states to co-operate in re-settling the refugees. Above all, it should be given—as in India—without political conditions. To attempt to convert such aid into a cold war instrument would be to ignore the central fact that the Middle East is not a Cold War problem.

Finally, an analysis of the concrete objectives which must form part of an American policy for the area leads to one inescapable conclusion: none of them can be achieved unless America is prepared to act, not as a world power safeguarding its vital interests, but simply as an executive agent of the United Nations. Therein lies America's only chance. But once this conclusion is accepted—and there is some evidence that the President, at least, has already done so—a whole new set of problems arises. America can only act as such an agent so long as she commands a two-thirds majority of the General Assembly. While America was supporting the purely negative policy of securing the withdrawal of Anglo-French forces, this was relatively easy. But when she begins to tackle the positive task of arranging an Arab-Israeli settlement, the majority may wither away, unless she is prepared to maintain it by modifying her attitude to other problems which are only tangential to the Middle East. Since the new admissions agreement raised the General Assembly strength to 79, events have shown that America can only dominate the Assembly when she is able to amalgamate the often conflicting forces of anti-Communism and anti-Colonialism. Last November, she allowed this objective to override her previous policy of supporting, if reluctantly, the interests of her Nato allies. Is she prepared to continue on this course? Is she prepared to vote against France over Algeria, and against Britain over Cyprus? If so, she will be obliged not merely to alter her cold war image of the world, but to adopt a far more positive philosophy in her approach to international affairs. And if she is not prepared to do this, she will be unable to solve the problems of the Middle East. It would seem, in short, that America cannot formulate a viable Middle Eastern policy without formulating a coherent global policy.

# Time-bomb for Tenants

At the last meeting of the Hampstead Borough Council, some Labour members pointed out that the new Rent Bill would have a devastating impact on a residential area of this kind, where well over half the property will be completely decontrolled if the Bill is passed in its present form. They were given a strange answer by Mrs. Henry Brooke, the wife of the Financial Secretary to the Treasury. It was, she said, "very un-Christmaslike to raise alarm and despondency": in any case, the Bill would be amended as it passed through the House. Hampstead citizens are no doubt privileged to be given this semi-official assurance by Mrs. Brooke. But most of them, I suspect, are so far unaware of the time-bomb which is ticking away merrily beneath their tenancies.

True, some tenants, living in modern blocks of flats, have already sent resolutions and deputations of protest to the Tories for whom they have voted so steadfastly in the past—and, to judge from the growing uneasiness among Tory M.P.s, there must be similar pressure in other parts of the country. But Suez, Hungary and Christmas have together distracted attention from a Bill which proposes a stiff rise in living costs for at least a third of the population. According to the most recent Gallup Poll, only 18 per cent. of the sample thought the Bill would mean a rent increase for them, and 37 per cent simply said they didn't know.

This, of course, suits the government well. It is one reason why this Bill was sent "upstairs" to a committee whose debates are barely reported in the press. Mr. Sandys may be forced to accept some amendments, but once the government decided to restore a free market in housing by the progressive destruction of the Rent Acts it naturally wished to get the substance of this Bill accepted as quickly and as quietly as possible. The "housing problem" in Britain is to be solved by raising prices, not by providing decent houses adequate to social needs.

If the purpose of housing policy is merely to provide each family with a home of some kind, at a price, this method may serve. It worked, in a way, in the 19th century. But it worked in such a way that much of our population was miserably housed, that our cities are still blighted by huge tracts of slum and near-slum, and that large-scale building by local authorities became the only way to give millions of working-class families a decent home at a rent they could afford. Given the social and income structure of this country, even today, the landlord system cannot provide good homes for those in most need of them. And "good homes" are the point: we already have roofs above our heads.

Two years ago, Mr. Macmillan was labouring to convince us that his "Operation Rescue" was more in the interest of the public than a sop to the landlords who were pressing for higher rents. He made much of the need to preserve and restore property that was falling into decay because its owners could not afford to pay for repairs. Even if 200,000 houses were not in fact falling into disuse every year, it is true that at least that number should have been cleared annually. The number of unfit houses in this country is no less than 1,500,000: and many that are technically "fit" lack bathrooms, adequate kitchens and other amenities. How was this part of our stock of houses to be maintained and improved? To the 1949 Act, which offered improvement grants, Mr. Macmillan added his "mouldy turnip": it extended the scope of such grants and permitted landlords to increase rents to cover the cost of repairs. But the inducements he offered failed to interest most landlords: as Labour spokesmen predicted, the 1954 Act helped only the large landlords whose property was already in good condition. It raised their rate of profit—as their dividends and share values show—but it did nothing for the smaller landlord or for houses which were in most urgent need of repair. The truth is that the majority of landlords are not interested in the state of their property. They want the maximum profit for the minimum outlay.

Mr. Sandys has realised this, and he has simply dropped all pretence that the Rent Bill is in the interest of the tenant. True, at Llandudno on October 11, he still harked back to the Macmillan argument that people were condemned to live in dilapidated houses because landlords could not afford repairs. But not one can have been taken in by this show of sympathy once the text of the Bill was published. For it abandons any link between rent increases and repairs: the landlords are to be given what they want. Mr. Sandys has not tried to explain why, if they would not do repairs when these were the passkey for higher rents, they should do them now the rent increase is to be unconditional. This Act is simply a bonus, which will transfer at least £100m. a year from tenant to landlord: from the government's point of view, moreover, it mops up purchasing power.

If this Bill becomes law, the balance will tilt sharply against the tenant, and there will be chaos. It is the white-collar tenant who will feel the first full shock. About 800,000 tenancies (above a

rateable value of £40 in London and £30 in the provinces) will be completely decontrolled. Six months after the Act comes into force, a substantial part of the middle-class will be faced with a steep increase in rents: the range will be about one to four pounds more a week, depending upon the area and the amenities of the house or flat concerned. If the tenant refuses to pay what is asked—and, as the Bill stands, a landlord in a strong bargaining position may be able to exact a lump sum as a premium in addition to the higher rent—he can be evicted. The landlord may also make the tenant assume responsibility for all repairs and he can make what regulations he pleases about children, pets, parties or what-have-you. Without question, thousands of families will be forced to pay up or move. Does the middle-class yet realise that it may be faced with the grimmest game of general post in its history? Do tenants in this class know that the Bill permits them to be evicted even if they are willing to pay more?

Although other controlled tenancies will have temporary security of tenure—the Act provides for the later extension of decontrol merely on the Minister's order—nearly five million families, will have to pay more for their homes, whether or not they enjoy good amenities, whether or not they are in decent repair. The new Bill, indeed, will make it more difficult for a tenant to secure the certificate of disrepair which alone entitles him to withhold the rent—and it has been difficult enough to secure these certificates under Mr. Macmillan's Act. The enthusiasts for the free market are arguing, of course, that not all rents will go up. People, they say, will be willing to pay more for desirable tenancies and less for poor ones. But this Bill is unlikely to work this way. A general rent increase will have the effect of making poorer properties relatively more desirable simply because they are bound to be relatively less dear: the demand for dilapidated and poor-amenity dwellings will grow rather than diminish as tenants are forced down the housing scale. In this fashion, old property will be given a new lease of life as poorer tenants become thankful to have it and double-up to save money. The Bill actually anticipates this situation. It not only permits rent increases without condition up to a maximum based upon a multiple of the gross value of the dwelling; it will also remove a house or flat from any form of control once the tenancy changes hands. This means that the rents of many working-class houses will be raised even above the present proposed maximum as they pass out of control—and worse anomalies will be created than those which admittedly exist under rent-restriction.

In any case, a very great burden is going to fall on at least one-third of the population if this Bill becomes law. About 10s. a week will be the average increase. And the effect is bound to be inflationary—or at least it will set off a round of bitter wage-struggles, for this Bill can only mean a redistribution of income away from the tenants of this country, with a consequent fall in living standards. I am not arguing that the present rent structure is either desirable or fair. But I do not believe that it will be improved by restoring the landlord system—a system which is inherently unable to provide good housing or a coherent rent policy which corresponds to the public interest. Some form of social ownership has become urgent, because this is the only context for a fair and positive rent structure. This Bill should drive that lesson home to millions of professional, white-collar and elderly people, as well as to the working-class.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

# London Diary

"WHO the hell is responsible?" As usual, the *Daily Mirror* asks the rude and crucial question. Who really decides the New Year Honours List? Of course it contains some genuinely distinguished names. I am delighted—to pick out a few where I speak from personal knowledge—to see an honour given to C. P. Snow, who is not only scientific adviser to the Civil Service Commission but also one of our few really distinguished novelists; to Richard Church, who has the affection of all who know him; John Morris, who keeps the Third Programme at its high level; to Janet Vaughan; Robert Morley; Miss Frost, of Penguin books. Most of the others are routine affairs, automatically given to eminent personages when they reach a certain eminence or are about to retire. But the CBE to Stanley Matthews does, as they say, really make you think. The popular press is quite right about this. Knighthoods for jockeys and cricketers which, I suppose, are gentlemanly. But soccer, which is overwhelmingly the favourite sport of ordinary people, is put in its place—somewhere below the salt. The most-loved figure in sport today is not, like a jockey, responsible for winning races for the rich breeders of blood-stock. Someone in high places, I suppose, thinks soccer non-U. It would not surprise me if this bit of fatuity did not lose more votes for Sir Anthony than the Suez Canal and petrol rationing.

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Talking of John Morris and the Third Programme, I looked more carefully than usual through the *Radio Times* this week. What a surprising amount of genuinely interesting and unusual material there is in any week's programme! I could pick out a score of distinguished items. There is a lack, of course, of serious and controversial stuff on public affairs, but we all know the reasons for that. But what real enterprise and understanding went into the production of the programme "Gandhi in England" (repeated this week on Wednesday). That is certainly one of the most remarkable examples of the broadcasting art. Another example of the sort of thing sound broadcasting can do uniquely well is Robert McKenzie's report on the race issue in the Southern States. I turn over and note Mark Abrams on social class in Britain today and Mary Pitt's reconstruction of the trial of Socrates. . . . But the list is getting too long. Yet the fact is that TV, and especially ITV, is gaining ground every day. Clearly this is now the great medium of mass communication, and most of us who opposed commercial TV—and still do as a matter of principle—find ourselves sucked into it.

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Boris Ford, who has been appointed head of Associated Rediffusion's new schools venture, made a name for himself with the Bureau of Current Affairs during the war, and is now editor of the *Journal of Education* and the *Universities Quarterly*. He tells me he has hitherto been more or less a non-viewer. That the choice should fall on him rather than on some pseudo-educational entertainer suggests that ITV wants to show its intention of doing a serious job. Obviously it has never thought of putting off headmasters and LEA's by including "commercials" on its schools programme: the advertising time gained may be sold at more profitable hours. As to top-level consultation, Ford said at his press conference that he would consult everyone relevant, including Miss Love, who is in charge of the BBC's schools television, and Dr. Alexander of



the Association of Education Committees. The crucial point is that the business people who are behind AR-TV have seen a chance of stealing a march on the BBC, whose own carefully prepared TV schools programme is not due to begin until September. The BBC works slowly, like a Whitehall department. Every decision has to be approved by the School Broadcasting Council and is the result of many committees and many memoranda. It decided to offer two or three half-hour programmes a week, starting at the carefully selected hour of two o'clock. AR has plunged in with a proposal for TV classes every school day after lunch. No doubt it is hoped that many headmasters who now use films for the visual part of education may be tempted to furnish themselves with convertible TV sets instead or possibly as well. By rushing things, AR expects to make its programmes a habit. The interesting doubt is how official educational circles will react to such speed and initiative.

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Though Sir Norman Birkett is now to retire from the Bench, I hope he will not retire from another of his vocations. He is one of the very few men in Britain who successfully takes trouble with after-dinner speeches. He sometimes spends days in their preparation and always refuses to drink anything stronger than orange juice until they have been delivered for fear that wine might produce a slurred period or a fumbled joke. Unlike most speakers, however, he will always jettison a speech, no matter how carefully prepared, if at the last moment he feels that it is unsuited to the audience. At last year's Authors v. Publishers lunch, for example, a lengthy and riotous speech by Peter Ustinov had left the audience glowing but surfeited and had cut into cricket time: Birkett, replying, put his notes aside and in three sentences paid so graceful a tribute to Ustinov that he received an equal ovation.

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I have never understood anybody stealing the Mona Lisa. Surely it is only in a crime thriller that a thief could really hope to get away with a private sale of one of the most famous pictures in the world and to remain undetected. And as for stealing it for his own pleasure, would he really not know that Gioconda's smile would drive him mad? Personally, I detest her smug, mystery-making, come-hither-but-go-away-again-because - butter - wouldn't - melt - in - my - mouth expression, and I perfectly understand why a man who "happened to have a stone in his pocket" would have an irresistible impulse to throw it when he saw her smirking at him. A friend who read the headline immediately remarked that she was sorry that "he had got in first".

* * *

Launching a delayed-action joke on one's friends is usually apt to give one an uneasy few minutes while the time-fuse ticks away. Could they possibly *not* see it was a joke? How likely it was that they wouldn't was long ago discovered by H. W. Nevinson when he reviewed *Pickwick Papers* as a new novel by a promising young author and was rebuked by readers for his ignorance. So two weeks ago we launched Professor Douglas Bush's delightful parody of the myth-and-symbol school of criticism, "Mrs. Bennet and the Dark Gods," as a piece of Christmas cheer, without much fear it would be taken as a serious example of that genre which is perhaps more extremely practised in America than here. And to ram the joke home, we gave in the footnote reference to *Pride and Prejudice* the particulars of the first edition. But our post-Christmas mail brings us a handful of exasperated complaints:

"fantastic flights of the imagination . . . offered as a book review. . . . Did it not occur to the writer of this undocumented nonsense that, by the methods he adopts, one could find precisely what 'half-conscious' 'mythic patterns' one chose?" "Didn't you have your tongue just a *little* bit in your cheek?", plaintively asks a correspondent writing from the surely suggestive address of Muses Hill Road in Luton, Beds. Another, in two minds himself, is single-minded in his determination to scold us. "If it is serious, it appears to me terribly wrong. . . . Even as parody, Professor Bush's piece is singularly ill-timed." But the score is balanced by the chortles of the appreciative, one of whom set to work to give *Mansfield Park* the full mythic treatment: "Henry and Mary Crawford, and their half-sister, Mrs. Grant, obviously represent Apollo and Artemis, and *their* half-sister, Aphrodite. . . ." "What a splendid spoof," writes a transatlantic scholar who, like Professor Bush, has suffered a good deal from the higher mythicism. Annie Allen, signing herself "much refreshed," pleased us particularly:

> O burning Bush through which the *Mythos* . . . speaks . . .

When, some day, Douglas Bush gives us the pleasure of a "straight" Books in General, I hope our readers will not just look for the laughs!

* * *

A friend who was coming out of Television House in Kingsway was stopped by two boys, one of whom asked for his autograph. "You are a star?" said the boy doubtfully as he looked at the signature. My friend disclaimed the honour and inquired again why his autograph had been solicited. "Well," said the boy, "people look different in the daylight and we can't be sure. So we get everyone we can. Then we go home and look them up in the *TV Times*. If we can't find their names, we just tear out the page."

CRITIC

## This England

**Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

I have just received a Christmas card from my nephew who is with an R.A.O.C. air maintenance company in Cyprus. It is a regimental card, be-ribboned, gold-crested, and bearing glad tidings of great joy in the shape of a beautiful photograph of dropping parachutes with their loads of armoured equipment.—Letter in *Manchester Guardian*. (Walter Schwarz.)

In Sloane Square recently I saw a crocodile of preparatory schoolboys crossing a zebra crossing while some cars waited to let them by. Every boy raised his school cap to the drivers.

What a pity *all* schoolchildren aren't taught such good manners.—Letter in *Evening Standard*. (T. P. Morris.)

Is it not a small but sad reflection of our declining glory as a nation that an American should have emerged the victor in such a traditionally British competition as the Banbury beer-drinking contests? . . .

The Banbury episode, together with British failures at the Olympic Games, Russian football victories in this country and our recent off-hand treatment at the hands of the United Nations, cast a considerable blight upon my Christmas.—Letter in *Sunday Mercury*. (D. C. R. Pugh.)

I always hide my copy for fear my 14-year-old daughter picks it up. The other day she caught me reading your Ovulation Plan article. I was so ashamed, I threw the pages on the fire. I know all I want to know about sex.—Letter in *Woman's Sunday Mirror*. (Allison Piggott.)

## The Beaver Jive

"In his drive against the world's peace Nasser has not one instrument of policy, but five—murder, subversion, propaganda, blackmail and Uno. Uno is the most effective of the five."—*Daily Express*.

Loud-mouthed louts of the Slaughterhouse claque,
Ham-trained hacks of the Beaverbrook Babel
Fumed and frothed and pounded on the table,
Pounded on the table,
Beat an empty pump with a Union Jack,
Hard as they were able (whack, whack, whack)
A-rolling and a-rocking till they shook the room,
Roaring imprecations at Uno whom,
Going through the antics of apes in a cage,
(Who chatter at the Keeper in impotent rage)
With a claquery, quackery, quack, quack, quack!

Then, in a nightmare, I heard this row:
"Abracadabra, Mau, Mau, Mau."
Tattooed cannibals came and stole
Beaverbrook's Bible and Totem Pole,
His Ju-Ju sticks and his Empire Swag,
His tribal God and his tribal Flag;
And they danced like Beaver, in a different dress,
To the voo-doo rattle of the *Daily Express*.

The Witch-men cursed all civilisations,
The F.A.O. and United Nations,
With fearful rites tabooing by turns
Sheriff Hammarskjold and Constable Burns,
And the cannibals vowed to gobble them both
With a horrible, quite unrepeatable oath.

Into the jungle went the cannibals then
To make good chop of the missionary men,
Whirling the deadly voo-doo rattle,
Calling on Beaver and the God of Battle:
*"Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you!*
*Mumbo-Jumbo and Uno hoo!"*

REGINALD REYNOLDS

# A New Morality

NOWHERE is it more obvious than in Britain that there is a counter-revolution in progress—a powerful move to close the open society, to clip the laboriously-won freedom of the mind. The churches are seizing upon the many disillusionments of recent decades to get a new grip on us. They have convinced many that because men have shown themselves more prone to evil than many humanists believed, then the dogma of original sin must be reinstated. A mild free-thinking broadcast such as Mrs. Knight's causes a furore such as would have astonished our parents and grandparents and leads to a near monopoly of the BBC's programmes by Christian propagandists. There are simultaneous moves to cleanse serious literature of "filth" and to make divorce more difficult. It will be astonishing if efforts to civilise legislation against homosexuality are allowed to succeed. More unhappily still, intellectuals with too little ballast to withstand the squalls of disillusion run voluntarily into the safe harbour of faith, evidently determined that their part is to cease from mental fight as quickly as possible. The success of the counter-revolution is very largely the fault of all of us who have inherited the liberal tradition. We have allowed it to appear that we stand for nothing positive. If we do not conform with orthodox moralities it is assumed that this is simply a failure, not the outcome of devotion to quite other values.

We need a positively held morality to rescue us from the bread and circuses form of materialism. Labour and Conservative governments in their different ways have encouraged the people to believe that power to buy goods and distractions is all that they want. It was the tragedy of 1945 that Labour made no attempt to change the basis of social values. The discouragement of radical thought must lead to the closed society and closed mind; and so, too, may our present orthodox forms of Christianity—Catholicism through its liking for ignorance, Protestantism through its approval of money making, respectability and the whole crowned and mitred body of the *status quo*. Though the churches may undoubtedly help a few to know the inner life, the influence of their authoritarian reaction encourages the rest to remain sunk in their sub-intellectual materialism.

A renewed liberal morality sprung from renewed values is, therefore, desperately needed both to defeat the counter-revolution and to find a fresh inspiration for a population that, increasingly, is discovering that, although many desirable things may be found in a heavy pay-packet, happiness and a full human life are not necessarily among them. Such a morality seems at this time to be offered to us by our understanding of our evolutionary history. It is a morality based on the belief that heightened experience, extended and intensified consciousness are the proper part of man.

One thing our relatively new knowledge of the history of life on earth has made plain is that the dominant trend of evolution has been towards the development of consciousness. The growth of the central nervous system over 500 million years prepared for it and achieved its crown in the human brain. That brain, by far the most complicated instrument known to us, makes possible an infinite interplay of sensuous experiences, memories and the mysterious currents of thought, with the resulting intellectual concepts and poetical emotions. All life on the planet might be seen as a tree growing in time to put out these flowers and fruits of mind. If advance towards the possibility of high experience (emotional, imaginative and intellectual) has been the way of unconscious evolution, surely it must now be our human duty to pursue it with conscious dedication? There lies the central value for a new morality, personal and social. It could be called the morality of mind, but as this might be given too purely intellectual an interpretation, I prefer to call it the morality of consciousness.

They have a great advantage today, this morality and these values, in that they are compatible with a wide range of beliefs. They should be acceptable to those who see the development towards higher consciousness and richer experience as God's creation working in time, or, at the opposite extreme, to those who see it as a matter of chance to be rationally furthered; most clearly of all they are acceptable to those who see our earthly development as part of some universal process, a process that everywhere allows lower levels of being to strive towards higher ones.

I should like to be more exact about this deliberate cultivation of consciousness. When our species was more newly emerged from its animal origins, the senses and the "dark," animal side of the mind had to be kept under. Man had climbed out of unconsciousness and feared its power. But in 20th-century Europe, and most of all in Protestant Europe, after many centuries of the cultivation of the intellect and will, we are more than due for a change of emphasis. On a proper nourishment of the senses a full, balanced mental life very largely depends. Without such nourishment I believe we may become incapable of either creating art or responding to it. Living so largely on the sub-intellectual level of our busy mechanical existence, we look like losing access to that deeper level where the unconscious feeds the imagination and fires it with that magic that must gleam from the heart of all true art. At the next level, the intellect itself grows arid and lifeless as the imagination languishes. The time

has come to foster our senses and to recognize that today we are in greater danger of being cut off from the unconscious mind and its riches than of being usurped by it.

Thus one aspect of the new morality would be to support the positive qualities of life instead of an over-emphasis on restraint. It would have more of thou shalt and less of thou shalt not. Virtue would lie first of all in the exercise, training and enjoyment of the senses, the imagination and the intellect.

We are here immediately confronted with one particular element in our old morality which should be of minor importance, yet has always magnified itself in our social life: sexual morality. We all know that true Christian values are noble ones concerned first with the great sins of pride and anger and with the great gift of love. But we also know that in practice the churches put an enormous and nowadays really grotesque insistence on sexual morals. Most people if they call another human being "good" or "wicked" are referring entirely to his sexual life. It is so hard to know whether oneself or another is indulging pride or hate or other forms of destructiveness; so easy to feel self-righteous if the other and not oneself is indulging in fornication. The only time we hear strong words used by our churchmen, really powerful denunciations, they are directed against divorce: it is "filthy, worse than Mau Mau."

Our society is surely ready publicly to recognise that sexual behaviour is a matter of ordinary responsibility and decency between human beings. The mumbo-jumbo of sin still surrounding it deflects people from reflecting on sins far more real and dangerous in the modern world. Furthermore, under the morality of consciousness, it is right to end those relationships between men and women that have died or become actively destructive.

We give sexual morality an attention disproportionate to its real importance in my scheme of things. What to me would be a far more interesting and significant outcome of the morality of consciousness and its respect for the senses is that actions leading to ugliness and pollution become crimes. Those who spoil the countryside, who ruin beautiful cities or add to the squalor of industrial ones, who make life disgusting by noise or stench would be seen to be at least as criminal as thieves. The loss of natural and artificial beauty and the resulting abuse of the senses is a far more serious matter for us in the 20th century than the loss of material goods.

I believe that at the present point in human history in general and British history in particular this morality offers the right policy for a radical party. I believe even that if it had been adopted it would have made the revolution that was wanted in 1945—not a revolution in economics, nor in social structure (though that would follow) but in values and the whole atmosphere of living. The only inequalities that matter begin in the mind. It is not income levels but differences in mental equipment that keep people apart, breed feelings of inferiority.

We cannot extend consciousness by legislation, but we can make the right climate for it. We can turn admiration and aspiration in that direction by giving honour and support to those who do most to further it—artists, thinkers and the truly religious. On the other hand, we can see to it that public esteem is withheld equally from those who never put a foot wrong and those who live only to amass money. In a host of ways we can show that economic organs are no more than the bowels of our society: they should be filled and they should work in order to be forgotten.

Two things now neglected should be given absolutely first place in the new morality. Education, and amenity—in the most generous interpretation of the word. Some people hold that education in the academic sense can do nothing against the forces of a bad or wretched environment; that "real life" will always win over school and college. I do not take quite so gloomy a view of the chances of scholastic education, but clearly, it is almost useless unless the environment is also tackled. A really determined drive—which would release fresh human energy—should be made to clean up industrial squalor, force back the nasty encroachments of subtopia, beautify and where necessary rebuild our towns and equip them with endowed concert halls, galleries, theatres and places where people can pursue the arts for themselves, find books, good food and drink. Simultaneously expenditure on schooling should be doubled, the Minister of Education recognised as one of the most important offices, the whole teaching profession raised up. Opportunity for a life-long continuance of true education would be provided by the new amenities in town and country.

All this might mean a reduction in the material standard of living of the individual family regarded as an isolated unit. But there would be an immense increase in that much truer standard of well-being that goes with pleasant surroundings and opportunity for privacy, quiet and idleness on one hand and the stretching of senses and mind on the other. It may be remembered how the Russians gilded the domes of the Hermitage at the height of their post-war poverty while the Parisians kept the Place de la Concorde blazing with light even while domestic electricity was cut off. It was the right spirit and made people happier than our utilitarian common sense. And in any case a resistance to the mania for more production and more possessions is a necessary positive part of the new social values. Moreover, however difficult at first for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a society orientated in the way I am suggesting could not continue to pile taxation on all those things that men most enjoy. Thus smaller earnings would still buy more of the things we really like—the minor but very real pleasures of life.

I know that these suggestions about social policy may seem to be near a trivial utopianism But it is not really so. I am clear that the pursuit of education and amenity would lead to nothing more glorious than Scandinavian cleanliness and virtue (though that is already something well worth having) if it were not seen to be secondary to a striving after a richer sensuous and mental life for the individual. Such dedication is strenuous and must comprise suffering and failure: freedom for evil as well as good. It is not hygienic. A positive, life-enhancing morality is more exacting than one of negation and restraint. A fuller engagement with life means more pain as well as more exaltation.

Such a revolution in values is particularly well suited to a country no longer able to keep up in the power and production race. It seems not impossible that, if war is avoided, in another generation or so even those nations who are successful in it may suddenly come to see that this horrible contest is unworthy of mankind. If that happens a second-class insular power could have enjoyed a long start.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

# Which Door of the Bus ?

You can occasionally hear a remark which, at first hearing, makes you giggle and seems no more than absurd, but which later can stay with you as a symbol of something profound. Last November, I met an old friend in Warsaw. He had a splendid resistance record; he had always been a man of the left; and he is a first-class economist. He told me how heartily he desired Gomulka's success, how eager he was to contribute his own effort to help Poland on her new road. But he added that he was not aiming at one of the top jobs. I asked him why. "You see that bus," he said, pointing to one of the Warsaw buses, bursting as usual at its seams; "I prefer that to a big official car."

A few weeks later in Belgrade I had some long conversations with Vladimir Dedijer. I had known him before, but only slightly. We first met at a party in Paris in 1951, and again in 1953 in Yugoslavia on the occasion of one of Tito's big speeches. On that occasion he stood at Tito's side like a favourite son and one of the Marshal's closest colleagues. This time in Belgrade I found Dedijer on the verge of arrest and so obstinately entrenched as an opponent of the regime that he prefers to live with his bag packed ready for jail to making an auto-criticism and going back on his opinions. He has not, however, lost his sense of humour. Even when he talks of his current difficulties, he cannot help joking. One of his jokes, which seemed at the time entirely fortuitous, now sticks in my mind as illustrating the essential point I want to make about Yugoslavia. "The day I lost my official car and my secretary," said Dedijer, "I found myself in the street and it suddenly dawned on me that I didn't know which door was the entrance to the bus or how many stamps I had to put on a letter. I was as lost as a child in a foreign country."

After that, whenever I met the leading personalities of Yugoslavia I found myself wanting to ask (I never did): "Are you sure you know which door you should use to get into the bus and how many stamps you have to put on a letter?" For the fact is people do become accustomed to power. Men who have spent a dozen years inside the government, with great responsibilities but very few material worries of their own, bit by bit lose touch with the day-to-day life around them. The Partisans who held out so long and so gloriously in the mountains of Bosnia seem a far cry from the superior functionaries who are today so absolutely assured of house, motor car and personal comfort. Can they really be the same people?

I have an uncomfortable feeling about all this. Uncomfortable, for instance, because I keep on finding the same men in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and in the press today as I used to know six years ago. I admit at once that they are good chaps and that they all have splendid war records. But where are the youngsters? Where is the post-revolutionary generation which a Socialist Yugoslavia should by now be producing? I cannot find it. When I put the point to a member of the Central Committee with whom I was travelling, he observed that at the Quai d'Orsay the changes are even less frequent. Perfectly true; only is it not a little odd if the French Foreign Ministry has become the example and inspiration for Socialist Yugoslavia? In making this criticism about the dangers of a permanent

"managing group" at the head of the state; I do not for a moment suggest that parliamentary democracy, such as exists in Britain or France, is the only answer. But it does seem to me that the Yugoslavs, in their admirable endeavour to create a new social pattern, have underestimated the importance of one or two rules of political practice which ought to be observed in any system.

Ever since 1952 they have been enunciating the doctrine that, to create a real proletarian democracy in accordance with Marxist principle, they must encompass bit by bit the withering away of the state. This is the purpose of the dual system they have devised. The economic direction of the country is decentralised and is the responsibility of the workers' councils at factory level and of local government within the various regions; the political direction of affairs is in the hands of the Socialist Alliance—a vast popular front, with a membership of seven million—the Communist party being given the role of "ginger group" within this organisation and not of an all-powerful ruling group. The dual system is bold and original. Until it has had longer to work out in practice we should be cautious about passing final judgment. Nevertheless, certain deficiencies are already obvious and it is of no service to Yugoslavia to pass them over in silence.

For instance, in the economic field, the disappearance of the over-rigid control from the centre has not been accompanied by the disappearance of bureaucracy. It has merely reinforced the power of the local bureaucrats who in the beginning exercised their responsibilities with so little co-ordination that there was for a time virtually no control over national investment. What is more, the working class as a whole, which was supposed to be all-powerful, was quick to appreciate that decentralisation had done little to increase its real powers. The result was a considerable lowering of national morale, especially since the standard of living remains extremely low. Still, whatever criticisms may hold good about the economic system, it has produced results and even its basic principle is probably valid. In the political field, the so-called Socialist Alliance is a pure sham. How many of its seven million members are really Socialists? How many of them take an active part in its work? How many have any real opportunity to propound their own ideas or criticise top-level decisions?

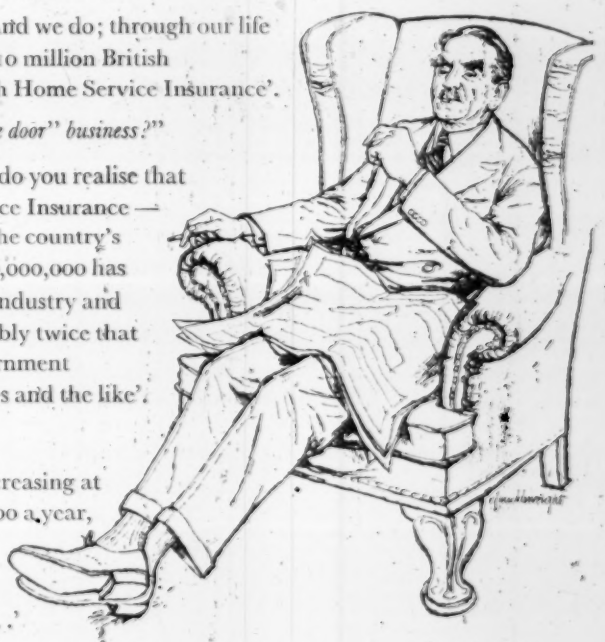
The leaders of Yugoslavia are conscious of these difficulties. But they have an enduring belief that the cure for all their problems is simply to raise material standards. If the workers' councils or the regional councils have larger sums of money placed at their disposal (runs the official thinking) everybody will become keen, contented Socialists. What is not admitted is that the defect in the system is that it underestimates the importance of political action and individual political expression. You cannot be a good citizen if you are only half a citizen: in other words people will not take active responsibility for the running of their factory unless they have at the same time a coherent picture of the national situation and the right to express their views about it. Thus the system as it exists at present is not throwing up the new men who ought now to be beginning to occupy the high places.

This is the problem on which Djilas has been hammering away ever since the heroic days of the Partisans. He used to discuss it all at length with Tito and other friends, who neither considered him a fool nor ever dreamed of locking him up. That they do so now is the result of pressure from their followers, veteran Partisans who are comfortably established in power and


# Who on earth can save?

*'Save . . . save . . . save! That's all you hear these days. I ask you, who can save?"*

'We all can, George. And we do; through our life assurances. And so do at least 10 million British families — through Home Service Insurance'.



*'Ah! You mean this "man at the door" business?"*

'Exactly, George. And do you realise that this "business" — Home Service Insurance — invests enormous sums in the country's economic welfare? Over £300,000,000 has already been invested in Industry and Commerce alone, while probably twice that amount has gone into Government Securities, Mortgages and the like'.

*'Really? You astonish . . .'*

'And these savings are now increasing at the rate of about £60,000,000 a year, which I think you'll admit is pretty good'.

*'Yes — but . . .'*

'And all this comes about through that well known personality, the Insurance Man, who goes from home to home collecting premiums, paying claims, and generally being counsellor and guide to these 10 million families who look on him as a personal friend'.

*'Yes — but how . . .'*

'You may think that all this has nothing to do with the kind of insurances you and I hold. You couldn't be more wrong. The Home Service Insurance Man also does a substantial proportion of the "ordinary" life assurance business in this country, as well as a lot of fire and accident insurance. All in all, George, as an instrument of our economic survival, the Insurance Man is doing a good job of work'.

## 10 million families save through

# HOME SERVICE INSURANCE

CP 44

*Issued by The Industrial Life Offices*

don't relish the hazards of opening up political life to the masses. One day, they fear, they might find themselves waiting for a bus and uncertain which door they ought to get in by.

You cannot cure illness by smashing the thermometer; and the trial of Djilas was a melancholy occasion for any friend of Yugoslavia. The indictment was read out in open court—a ludicrous document by Socialist and democratic standards. Then the public was ordered to leave the court so that Djilas's answers and the argument which followed could be heard in private. This was not only an affront to the principle of fair trial; it was a transparent attempt to stifle the free discussion of an issue which affects everybody. Such a violation of the most elementary principles of justice must lead to international repercussions. But I am not so much concerned with them as I am with the well-being of Yugoslavia itself. For I believe that at a moment when there is once again some danger of a neo-Stalinist counter-offensive, Tito has weakened his country's resistance by seeking to stifle the criticisms of men whose Socialist faith cannot possibly be called in question.

K. S. KAROL

# Fleet Street Notebook

SINCE those of us who imbibe our knowledge of what goes on in the world from the newspapers with the largest circulations depend quite a lot for our education upon pictures, the question of how much the camera can lie when its end product passes into the hands of a skilled picture editor is obviously a matter of some importance. It has been raised by a reader of this journal, Mr. L. C. Laming, who draws attention to the odd affair of one of the pictures in the or the whole magnificent special edition of *Picture Post*, "Cry Hungary."

This particular picture originally appeared in *Paris Match*. It featured a Hungarian national flag with the traditional crest at its centre carried by marching crowds. In the *Picture Post* version of the same photograph, however, the crest has been cut out and a suitable background put in that can be seen through the hole in the flag. The caption to the picture reads, "They march with flags that have the star and sickle burnt away." On the face of it, this treatment of the original photograph looks like a pretty indefensible piece of picture faking, apparently justifying Mr. Laming's comment that "a factual record has been turned into a lie in order to gain a stronger effect."

On the face of it everything Mr. Laming has to say is fully justified. But as a result of my inquiries I am glad to report that the case against *Picture Post* is not so strong as it first appears. That the picture was retouched cannot be denied. This Mr. Len Spooner, the executive editor of *Picture Post*, frankly admits. "May I say," he writes to me, "we plead guilty." But guilty in what most people, I think, will agree are to some extent mitigating circumstances. What happened, Mr. Spooner tells me, is this. *Picture Post* had a great many pictures of students and workers carrying flags with the star and sickle burnt out—a picture of a flag being burnt in this way actually appears on another page of "Cry Hungary." A picture of such a flag being carried by marchers was selected for use on page 16 of "Cry Hungary" and the caption for it written and set. At the last moment, however, as the issue was being passed for press, it was discovered that by an error the wrong picture had been sent to the process department. To have changed either the caption or the picture at this stage would have delayed production and what Mr. Spooner himself described as the "unhappy compromise" of making the picture which had gone to the process department appear as near as possible like the one originally selected was decided upon by those concerned in the actual business of making up the page, without Spooner himself being consulted.

"I agree it was wrong to do this," says Mr. Spooner in his letter to me, "but since there is no doubt that dozens of flags with holes burnt in them were being carried through the streets of Budapest (our staff correspondent saw them himself) I cannot think our action could be classed as 'stupid deception'"—one of Mr. Laming's critical phrases. "I hope Mr. Laming and others who noticed what had happened will be satisfied by this explanation. Obviously the picture ought not to have been altered. But equally obviously it was, I think, done simply as a result of a production emergency and without any desire to deceive. Mr. Spooner adds, "Personally I have very strong views about altering, faking or even reversing pictures." I agree with him. So, I think, do the editors of all reputable illustrated periodicals and the picture editors of all newspapers. Even if morality did not constrain them the risk of being found out would. In these days of picture agencies and general picture coverage, any one who deliberately retouches a picture to such an extent as to alter it in any major degree is pretty certain to be found out by a simple process of comparison with his rivals.

Pictures are from time to time reversed to get a better effect or fit them more snugly into a particular page make up; there is a fair amount of minor retouching to improve quality; and I have even known cases in the past where that dwindling group of picture editors who are sometimes worried about the morals of their public have had additional clothing touched up to cover the too obvious charms of pin-up girls. Now the temptation is to uncover rather than cover up. But I should think that the amount of deliberate faking of pictures that goes on today is negligible. This does not mean that a good deal cannot be done to achieve a particular effect in other ways. The art of picture selection still has its dubieties. The example of Lord Northcliffe who issued instructions during his campaign against the Asquith Cabinet that only photographs of Asquith that made him look like an imbecile or a criminal should be published still echoes up and down Fleet Street from time to time. You can, in fact, be pretty sure these days that the photographs you see in your paper are unlikely to be touched up or faked in any major degree. But you would be unwise to assume that they give you the whole truth about anything or anybody. The principle of editorial selection operates as effectively, and sometimes as tendentiously, on the picture pages as it often does in the news pages.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

# Calypso in London

ONE winter a kind of blight fall on Mangohead. Not only he can't get a work nowhere, but he can't even pick up a little thing to keep company with, nor bounce a borrow from any of the boys, nor even get a pleasant good morning from the landlady.

In the summer, Mango had a sharp work. You ever notice sometimes, when you hustling to the office, that it have four-five fellars stand up or sit down around a hole in the pavement, and one fellar inside the hole as if he fixing some kind of cable, with half a cigarette in his mouth? Well Mangohead had a work, where he was one of the four-five fellars who sitting around.

Things was all right until winter come and they start to dig up a road in Hampstead to lay cable. Watching Mangohead shivering, them English fellars giving him tone, asking him if he wouldn't like to be in the tropics right now, and saying: "Too cold for you mate?" and winking and nudging when Mango stand up near the wood fire that they light on the pavement to keep warm.

Mango try hard with the work, bearing the cold. Then one frosty morning he lift up a spadeful of dirt to throw up on the bank, and when he throw his hands over his shoulder, as if his hands catch cramp and couldn't move. Mangohead hands stay like that, as if they frozen. At last, by turning his body a little, he manage to drop the hands a little. Mango let go of the spade, climb out of the trench, went and wash his hands, and tell the foreman that he finish with the work.

He thought it would of been easy to get another work, out of the cold, but nothing was doing anywhere he went. One morning he get a wire that a cigarette factory in the East End was taking fellars, but when he get there the fellar tell him sorry, no vacancies.

This time so, I don't have to tell you how the winter grim in London—I mean, I don't think it have any other place in the world where the weather so powerful, and Mangohead drifting through the fog and smog and snow getting in his shoes and the wind passing through him as if he ain't there at all.

Well Mango had a friend in the East End name Hotboy, who was a fellar from Trinidad what used to compose calypso. Hotboy always sitting in a tailor shop in Cable Street, talking politics, or else harking back to the old days in Trinidad, because the Indian fellar who own the shop name Rahamut and he also come from Trinidad. Hotboy always talking about how one day he would make a comeback and write a calypso that would be hearts, and it would sell plenty and he would come rich.

Mangohead remembering all that as he leave the cigarette factory, because he suddenly feeling creative, he feel as if he could think up some words right now as he meditating on the downs of life.

> It had a time in this country
> When everybody happy excepting me
> I can't get a work no matter how I try
> It look as if hard times riding me high.

As the words come to him, Mango get excited. Already he have ten shillings from Hotboy, but he figuring that he might be able to make another borrow, maybe another ten, or if not, five, or if not, a two and six, or if not, at least a cuppa, old man.

When he get to the tailor shop, Hotboy in a hot debate with Rahamut about the Suez issue. "If I was Nasser," Hotboy was saying, and going on to say what and what he wouldn't do.

But from the time he see Mangohead he stop and say: "Yes, I know what you come round here for, since you borrow ten shillings from me last month like you lose the address, and you only come now to tell me that you expecting a work next week, and if I could lend you another ten

please God until you start to work. But I telling you in front, no, no, no. I ain't lending you a nail till you pay back what you owe."

"But look at my crosses!" Mango say. "*Me* borrow money from *you*! That was the last thing in my mind! You so bad-minded you can't feel that I just come to pay a social visit?"

"If it ain't that," Hotboy say, "then you feel as if you write another calypso. I tired tell you that you ain't able, and you always coming round here to waste my time."

Mango say: "But this time is hearts, I tell you. This will be calypso father. I have some giant words that would kill people when they hear."

Now Hotboy really tired telling Mango to leave calypso alone, that that is not his line, and he always have to chase the Mango when he come with some stupid words.

But all the same, he get up off the box he was sitting on and he and Mangohead went in the back of the shop which part Rahamut have a table and two chairs, and he tell Mango: "Let me hear these brave words."

So Mango begin, but from the time he begin Hotboy chock his ears with his fingers and bawl out: "Lord old man, you can't think of anything new? You think we still in Trinidad? This is London, man, this is London. The people want calypso on topical subject."

"That is only first verse," Mango say, "I am coming to the Suez Canal."

And Mango, inspired by the thought that he might tap Hotboy for another ten if he get him in a good mood, start to extemporise on Nasser and Eden and how he will give them the dope—pass the ships around the Cape of Good Hope.

"Like you have something there," Hotboy concede, and he start to hum a little tune. In fifteen minutes, in that tailor shop in the East End, the two boys had a calypso shaping up, and it wasn't a bad number either.

Rahamut and the English fellar who does assist him come and stand up listening, and when the calypso finish singing the English fellar say: "That is one of the best calypsos I ever heard."

But Rahamut say: "Why you don't shut your mouth? What you English people know about calypso?"

"What you think of it, Rahamut?" Mango ask.

Rahamut want to say yes, it good, but he beating about the bush, he hemming and he hawing, he saying: "Well, it so-so," and "It is not so bad," and "I hear a lot of worse ones."

But the English fellar, he like the tune too bad, he only slapping Mango and Hotboy on the back and saying how he never hear a calypso like that. He swinging his hands while he talking, and his hand hit Rahamut hand and Rahamut get a prick with a needle he was holding.

Rahamut put the finger in his mouth and suck it, and he start to abuse the English fellar, asking him if he don't know people does get blood poisoning with needle prick.

Hotboy look as if he really engrossed with the number, like if he have dreams again about a comeback: he could hear this calypso playing all about in London, and the English people going wild when they hear it.

And as if he could read Hotboy mind, the Mango realise that it was now or never he could tap the calypsonian, so he turn to him and say softly: "Hotboy, things really hard with me these days, you know. Why you don't lend me another ten, and make it a pound I have for you?"

Hotboy had a piece of paper before him and he writing down words and music and concentrating hard on it; he tell Mango, "Yes, yes," not even realising what it is that Mango say.

"You hear that, Rahamut?" Mango say quickly. "You give me the ten, as Hotboy busy with the calypso, and afterwards he will fix you up."

"I don't believe Hotboy hear what you say at all," Ramahut say.

But Mango begin to push them out of the backroom. "Leave him alone to concentrate on the number, don't interrupt him at all."

In the front of the tailor shop big argument start up between Mango and Rahamut. Rahamut saying he sure that Hotboy didn't hear, and Mango asking Rahamut if he deaf, if he didn't hear Hotboy say yes, yes.

In the end Mango manage to get the ten from Rahamut and he out off fast to hustle a cuppa and a hot pie.

Half an hour later another big argument start up with Hotboy and Rahamut when Rahamut ask him for the ten.

"You give him ten shillings for me!" Hotboy say. "What you talking about?"

"John," Rahamut turn to the English fellar. "You didn't witness everything?"

But John see this kind of thing happening already and he too smart to become involved in any argument that the boys have.

"I was busy," he say, and went on sewing.

The other day I meet Mangohead by Marble Arch, and he say he went to see Hotboy, and Hotboy say he sell the calypso.

But up to today I can't hear it playing nowhere, though I sure that the number is hearts, and would make a lot of money for the boys.

SAMUEL SELVON

*The Saxons called the first month 'Wulf Monath' and no doubt they had their reasons. In our calendar, however, the name derives from Janus, the Roman deity who kept the gate, looking simultaneously back into the past and forward into the future.*

WINTER isn't what it was. There may or may not be snow and ice and arctic winds, but no wolf slinks after you with calculating eye as you go to circus, pantomime or play. And two-headed gods, if they came your way, could expect to receive no better welcome than that accorded to pennies which, by art or nature, have been similarly endowed. Yet this is to do Janus less than justice. There are many occasions when two heads are still better than one, particularly if the second 'head' is ours. And there you have the reason why so many people habitually 'talk things over with the Midland' before they take action in matters of business and finance.

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# The Arts and Entertainment

## The Prince of the Pagodas

*The Prince of the Pagodas*, at Covent Garden, is a butterfly sort of ballet in three acts. The scenario, by John Cranko, is about two princesses, one good and one evil: the good one gets the Prince and the evil one is shut up in a cage apparently covered with bird droppings. But this comes at the end, only after the evil girl has deposed her father, and the good girl has visited the kingdom of the Pagodas. It is basically too slight a story for a full evening's entertainment, since there is no tension and no climax excepting for two moments: the first, very beautiful, when the good princess is suddenly lifted out of the clutches of her sister and sails up and away on the backs of four frogs; and the second when the old, blind king is brought out in a cage to be baited by his bad daughter. There ought to have been more of this sinister play, to offset the sweetness of the tale, which I found cloying long before the end. There is a suggestion of sin in the relationship between the wicked princess and her dwarf servant, but this is never given a proper place, only hinted at.

Because the scenario is slight the emphasis comes on the dancing, which Mr. Cranko has also devised. He has planned his work in the classical style of three-act ballets, with the *corps* generally surrounding the stage, and the soloists each having a turn, in order of precedence. It is a form which makes for a string of numbers that go on and on, and unless there is great variety in the choreography and costumes—as there is in the third act of *Lac des Cygnes*—the effect may become monotonous. Now Mr. Cranko is an exceedingly clever choreographer, and he also has wit and sentimental charm, but I have never seen a ballet in which it seemed that he was emotionally moved by the music. He produces a series of steps that approximate to the music, but do not identify themselves with it. He is an artist of ideas and not moods. Thus, when the good princess travels through sky, sea and fire, there is none of that atmospheric poetry, which Ashton can convey so wonderfully in his choreography. With Mr. Cranko it is another series of dances that show momentary glimpses of magic, as when the moon tips upside down amid the clouds, and the stars glitter and disappear.

The dancing of the soloists is very good. Svetlana Beriosova and David Blair are a romantic looking pair, although their love looks a little dry. Both dance with a freedom and style that is without the niggling quality to which many of the Sadler's Wells soloists succumb. Watching the *pas de six*, and other numbers, I longed for the strong, intense movement of the Bolshoi company; I longed for a properly drilled *corps de ballet*. On the first night the men, most especially, were so appallingly out of line and step that I was longing all the time to leap on to the stage and beat them into order.

Benjamin Britten's music carries the story along at a skipping, lilting pace, every so often breaking into lovely melodies which the choreographer is unable to follow. There is an enchanting solo for Miss Beriosova, a delicate, swaying tune, to which she is forced to do rather stark, jerky steps, with a lot of make-weight pirouettes. John Piper's scenery is gay, full of fanciful little bits and pieces, like Christmas decorations; but I wish he had been bolder and filled the great Covent Garden stage with a more ambitious conception. The costumes, by Desmond Heeley, are suitably covered in sparklers, elegant and tasteful, if veering towards the sweetly sweet. It is curious to notice that although they are the right colour for Mr. Piper's background, they are very often the wrong texture.

At the Festival Hall *José Greco and his Spanish Dancers* give a programme very suited to jolly office outings. There is, too, a divine looking young lady, Lola de Ronda, who performs with an unaffected, aristocratic perfection that deserves high praise. José Greco himself is like an advertisement, handsome, but not quite real in his startlingly skintight satin breeches. He concentrates over-anxiously on the poise of his thigh and his nose.

ANNABEL FARJEON

## Some Christmas Shows

### "Dick Whittington", at the Palace Theatre

Not intolerable, of course, especially to undertens; nevertheless a distinctly sub-standard pantomime. To avoid spoiling fun grown-ups will need to whisper "cheese" at regular intervals. The slip-shod modern method of making a single variety star an excuse for a ragged show has been carried rather far. *Whittington*, having one of the more fallible story-lines, ranking far below *Cinderella*, *Aladdin*, *Puss*, is particularly vulnerable to this treatment. The whole persona of Idle Jack is unsuitable for highlighting. His interpretation by the genial yet rather uncertain George Formby, twanging and squawking away in front of the curtain, bore less relation than ever to the romantic class conflict in Alderman Fitzwarren's household. The book exceptionally unimaginative. King Rat, though powerfully portrayed by Roy Pannell, is unsupported by any rodent band whatsoever. (I remember an Exeter pantomime between the wars when, by a cunning optical illusion reinforced by distribution of stereoscopic spectacles, a swarm of rats came flying through the air at the audience.) By far the best performance was Ernest Arnley's dame, one of those really funny craggy epicenities. Beryl Stevens must be the tallest and shapeliest Principal Boy this side of the Olympics. The Cat—I am sorry to say this—is insipid; they should try putting some benzedrine in his lights. Sets, good (Highgate Hill a regular Matterhorn). Dresses, fair. Music, leaden. Dancing, often above average, especially Margaret Thackray's.

M. R.

### "Peter Pan", at the Scala

To the average sensitive adult this must always be a terrifying affair. The Darling nursery alone, with its monstrous symbolic kennel, might well be a Kafka invention. Nothing of this, of course, was intended in the production, which at difficult points preferred comedy to magic; and, to be sure, the juvenile audience took it throughout with cheerful enthusiasm, belief in fairies, pantomime business and all. Yet the whole thing seemed extraordinarily long and thin. Blooming Miss Janette Scott made a wholesomely pretty hero and worked as hard as could be—but try as she did, she remained obstinately un-fey: not Pan, but the madcap of the lower fourth, that classic rebel and gymnast of another sort and sex. One longs for a revolution in casting the ageing, ageless boy—some gnome-like elderly actor, even, who can still contrive the leaps. Mrs. Darling, too, now middle-income N.W.8 in mien and wardrobe, has moved a long way from her Edwardian original, "the loveliest lady in Bloomsbury" according to the text, feckless, wistful, gracefully poor. The leading pirates did better, and the window did best—the great casement of the night nursery opening on to the secrets of the dark. Smee was excellent—naturally, for he was Mr. Russell Thorndike. And John McCallum, who had been a surly and impatient Mr. Darling, reappeared as a splendid Lovat Fraser Hook, savouring each unctuous syllable as if to take the taste of the earlier role out of his mouth. Miss Conti's pupils and the other little eyases piped up clearly, and seemed to believe in what they were doing;


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Tootles and one or two others were very nice indeed. Frances Guthrie, a well-bred English rose beneath her German-fairy-tale green, made a convincing Wendy. The expression of polite indifference with which, while temporarily attached to the mast, she regarded the scenes of carnage on the pirate ship was a study—Madam Miniver in the making, no less. It is to be hoped that she did not understand a word of what she was required by Barrie to say.

N. L.

**"Where the Rainbow Ends", at the Coliseum**

The jolly jingoism of the mortals and the whimsy whinnies of the fairies in this children's play (which is 46 Christmases old this year) might serve as a clue to the British national character, so successful with the public is its dated dialogue even now. Anton Dolin makes a fine, upstanding St. George and Claude Hulbert is the cosiest, most endearing Wicked Uncle ever invented. The Italia Conti kids are traditionally twee as elves, mice, frogs and rainbows. To my taste the whole thing is a horrible fantasy in the Walt Disney school of entertainment. But when Markova appears, dancing as the Spirit of the Lake, we are lifted on to a higher plane. Her lightness still astonishes and elates me, while there is no living dancer who can compare with her finesse of gesture. That she is dancing in this galère and not, like Ulanova, treasured and coddled by our national ballet company, to be paid the highest salary and appear at gentle intervals, is a sad comment on the organisation of ballet in this country.

A. F.

**"Treasure Island", at the Theatre Royal, Stratford**

Stevenson's story has the air of being, among other things, a job thoroughly well done, with every requirement of a boy's adventure story lavishly met, every strut and joint of the narrative well fixed and durable. This much, at any rate, can survive adaptation; what is missed derives from the streak in Stevenson that responded to the adventure. And what could be more thrilling to a boy than pirates? The modern answer is, I'm afraid, plenty; for example, the Arizona desert, the Iron Curtain and most of the depths of the sea or of outer space, all made available nowadays with the combination of realism and magnificence that children love. There is nothing regrettable in the fact that aluminium exerts a more potent magic than creaking timber, for romance has always depended on the real adventures in the reader's world. Evidently, however, the Stratford company have a problem: how to get their hard-boiled audience really excited about mere buried gold and men armed with nothing more terrifying than oaths and pistols. Their answer is to go hell-for-leather at it, with the stress on action and not on suspense, a sensible economy in belaying and a prodigious expenditure of explosives. The adaptation by Joan Littlewood is economical and vigorous. The sets are elaborate and handsome with plenty to climb over, dodge around and hoist. Among the cast, Dudley Foster as Black Dog and Glyn Edwards as Long John Silver are outstanding. There isn't a breath of alienation all evening.

J. P. H.

**"The Ticket of Leave Man", at the Arts Theatre**

Faltering only once or twice into burlesque (and the poor starved heroine's song *To Night*, with tambourine, was worth a falter) Mr. Hudd's production scores hits on two targets. He gives this primitive detective play by Tom Taylor—vintage 1863—its value as a vehicle of suspense and surprise, and allows us to observe how solidly it was based on a four-square morality about crime and punishment, which no Howard Leagues or Freuds had begun to sap; and he gives us our fill of sympathetic amusement at situations which the modern detective play has made impossibly naive, and at words which time has made as quaint as *our* gay phrases will shortly be. "Let it never be said that Ginger robbed a mate of his last shilling" rolls with enormous conviction off the lips of Mr. George Coulouris, splendidly serious until they clapped a deerstalker on him. John Trevor as the ne'er-do-well who makes good as the curtain falls, and Carol Raye as the eternally plucky little woman who remains true to him through thick and thin, managed to be touching as well as absurd; Roderick Cook and Christie Humphrey neatly applied the intentional comedy of a Bohemian couple (her ballad of *The Maniac* was a high spot), and Gwen Nelson expansively purveyed the heavy humours of a landlady with a Gamp-like turn of speech.

J. A. S.

**"The Crazy Gang", at the Victoria Palace**

One way of classifying revues and musicals for theatre-going friends is to label the product with the *ethos* of one of our national daily or Sunday newspapers. Readers of the *Daily Telegraph*, for example, would probably, on balance, prefer *For Amusement Only*, *Daily Mail* readers settle for *Salad Days*, while Lord Beaverbrook's fans tend on the whole to equate with Tommy Trinder's at the Adelphi. (The *Observer* addict obviously plumps for *The Boy Friend*.) After 25 years, the Crazy Gang is still the best *Daily Mirror*-ish entertainment. It has the wit of Vicky, the pungency of Cassandra, the curves of "Jane" and the production is as smooth as any headline devised by Mr. Cecil King's sub-editors. The veterans themselves are in great form, cracker-jack with the low jokes and surrealist behaviour that have delighted us for a quarter-century. The christening skit, the "Trollops of Monte Carlo" and the Wild West climax, are all superb, though the team are less so in their "Pyramus and Thisbe" burlesque. Eddie Gray fills the gaps agreeably and the John Tiller girls dance with a gaiety and precision that Ziegfeld himself might have envied. Through it all Bud Flanagan's sad spaniel eyes shine out at us with an acquiescing disenchantment, the Proust of the Mile End Road.

J. R.

## Men and Dolls

THUNDER from the Right, as well as the fashionable *réclame* of its authors, have made the new Kazan-Tennessee Williams picture the conversation piece of the moment. But there is something more remarkable than *Baby Doll* at hand, at least for London filmgoers.

From tomorrow, January 5th, to Wednesday the 9th, the National Film Theatre is showing, for the first time in this country, the full version of Luchino Visconti's *La Terra Trema*. This magnificent film—for two pins I would call it great—was made nine years ago: it was intended as the first part of a trilogy of poverty and struggle among the fishermen and peasants of Sicily. Shooting entirely in the little village of Aci Trezzia, Visconti used no actors: he made actors out of the people on the spot. He scripted no dialogue: all the lines were suggested by the fishermen themselves, from their knowledge of the plot and the characters. The film took six months to shoot, and runs two hours and forty minutes.

This kind of approach (and this kind of length) is more familiar to us now than it was in 1948. But *La Terra Trema* is unique among neo-realist films in the grand formality of its style, the mastery with which Visconti has fashioned its everyday elements not into a rough, violent and actual picture, but into a meticulous, beautifully proportioned fresco of injustice and exploitation, of natural dignity and baffled revolt. The design is simple. The fishermen of the village are the victims of a system of sale which guarantees them nothing but toil and risk for their bare livelihood: unscrupulous middlemen reap big profits when fishing is good, and sit back comfortably when seas run strong and the catch is scanty. One


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young fisherman alone realises the basis of inequality and makes a bid for independence: he persuades his family to mortgage their house and buy their own transport. But their resources are too small, and the first run of bad luck reduces Antonio and his people to poverty and submission. The film ends in defeat, with exploitation triumphant, and the fishermen, who have not yet learned the lesson of strength through unity, putting out again on to the dark, dangerous sea.

Visconti's way with this story is original and extraordinary. Unlike most directors using "natural" actors, he has preserved a formal, almost mandarin style of composition and movement, marvellously controlled and the lighting (by the late G. R. Aldo) has a perfection of tone surely unique in a film shot under such circumstances. The progression is slow, massive; the cumulative effect immensely powerful. Its aestheticism gives *La Terra Trema* a quality of refinement which at times, perhaps, cuts against the essential nature of the subject, but then realism, in the unadorned sense, is far from being Visconti's aim. And his film is saved from preciousness by the unsparing integrity with which he has told his story and presented his men and women. By, in fact, the frankness and importance of his commitment. This film is a classic work of art of our time; see it if you possibly can.

Swift and steep is the descent to *Baby Doll* (and in this juxtaposition how apt that title seems). For this is another excursion into the airless fantasy world of Tennessee Williams: the grotesque comedy of an infantile girl married to a broken-down Southern cotton miller, and seduced by the vengeful Sicilian rival whose mill he has sabotaged. It is difficult to care much about all this. In the hands of another director, the script might have been translated into a briskly, bitterly funny film, but Kazan's touch is a trifle heavy for comedy. His, indeed, is the cinema of effect: a technician of brillance and continual ingenuity, he charges every shot, every line and gesture with the greatest possible, immediate potency—to the detriment of any overall conception. (Or rather the conception *is* simply one of "effect.") Perhaps this is the reason why his actors, for all the Stanislavskian fidelity of their "method," are rarely able to convey much interior life. Their calculated spontaneity is merely a contemporary kind of mannerism, monotonous in its sameness. As for Cardinal Spellman's fuss: *Baby Doll* is decadent, all right, but not for his reasons. It is less odious than *On the Waterfront*, which I suppose the Cardinal liked.

LINDSAY ANDERSON

## Cape of Good Hope

SOUTH AFRICA produces dancers, Australia the singers and pianists—so a glance at London bills would suggest. But this week and last, the Union Flag has hung from the balcony at Wigmore Hall, invaded by a cohort of South African musicians under Erik Chisholm, head of Cape Town University's Music Department. Dr. Chisholm is a "live wire." Years ago, in his native Glasgow, he founded the well-named Active Society to bring contemporary music to Scotland. He cut a niche in operatic history by mounting the first British performance of *The Trojans*. Then, in 1945, he whirled into Cape Town music.

There was an orchestra, municipally run, of moderate ability and fairly ambitious repertory: Chisholm caused a stir by stalking out in the middle of its performance. Opera was limited to a short season, with a pick-up troupe, of standard Puccini, *Cav* and *Pag*, etc., ill-heard in a cinema: Chisholm promptly staged *Iphigenia in Tauris* in the University Theatre, with Emerentia Scheepers (who now sings for the English Opera Group) as Iphigenia. There was an occasional stunt: I remember an alarming concert where the Professor added four new parts to the Bach four-clavier concerto, so that eight newly capped piano graduates could be heard at one go! But the programmes of Janacek and Schoenberg, of ancient Gaelic and contemporary South African music, which have been drawing good houses in London, are fair samples of those heard weekly in Cape Town. Luigi Nono's music reached the Cape before it was heard in London.

Chisholm has brought his company here for three reasons: to give them experience (and possibly launch some of them); to advertise the work of his faculty; and to introduce new South African, and other, compositions. Arnold van Wyk is the outstanding native composer. His new song-cycle, *Van Liefde en Verlatenheid*, is interesting in being music that speaks with a South African accent. Van Wyk has set five exquisite Afrikaans lyrics by Eugène Marais, which deal with purely South African experience, and his delicate treatment of the language demonstrates again that the most vigorous (White) nationalist culture springs from Afrikaans literature. His String Quartet, played in the same programme, is a beautiful, intricate work, which should be taken up by the Griller or Amadeus: but its roots lie more in Bartok than in South Africa. Neither John Joubert nor Hubert du Plessis shows so interesting a turn of mind. Two of du Plessis works, a long-winded two-piano fantasia on an XIth-century organum and some lugubrious Morgenstern epigrams, were frankly dull (Seiber's mordant settings, recently published, show the only way of treating Morgenstern).

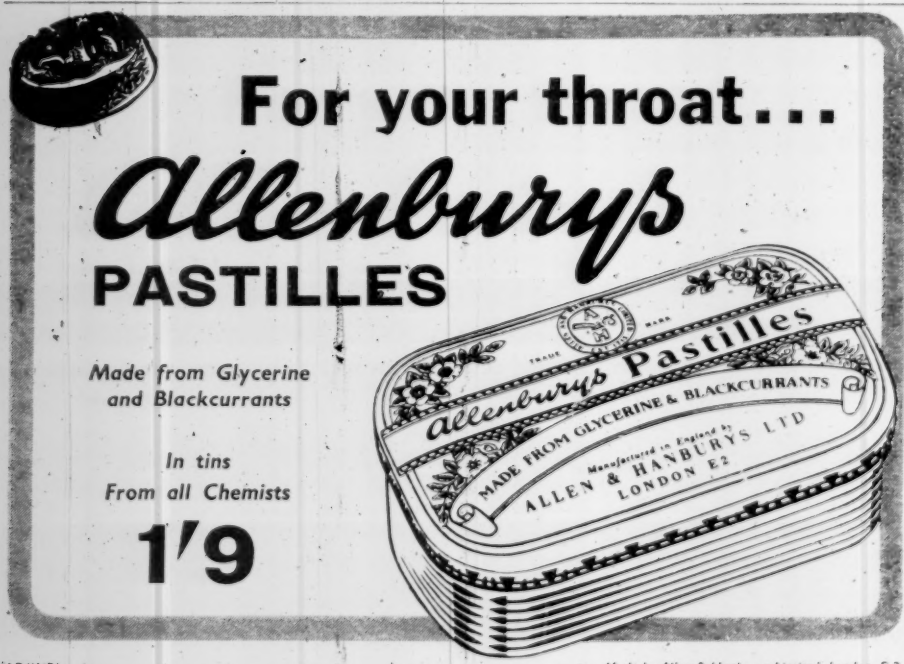
We have not heard any stunning new performers. Barbara Canin's moving account of the Janacek Piano Sonata lingers in the mind. Noreen Berry, Covent Garden's Emilia, sang the difficult van Wyk songs with fresh, attractive tone. We shall be able to judge the visiting singers better next week, when, in the Rudolf Steiner Theatre, they give *The Consul*, and later the first English performance of Bartok's *Bluebeard's Castle*, in a double-bill with Chisholm's *The Inland Woman*. Meanwhile more van Wyk and du Plessis can be heard on Sunday afternoon.

ANDREW PORTER

## Fascinating Brutes

WHITMAN wrote, of animals, that he could "look at them long and long." So can the modern televiewer. A programme containing animals is apt to seem more compulsive than one in which only human beings take part; though producers seeking to ensure success by using them as gimmicks have to face the risk that they will steal the show from the humans. The first of three instalments of Per Host's *Traveller's Tales* (BBC, Fridays, 8.30) was enthralling in every respect: it showed both the life and customs of the remote nomadic Lapps and the reindeer that supply most of their needs; but it is the reindeer that remain most vividly in the memory, swimming a fjord *en masse*, tumbling sleighs down precipices of soft snow, dropping their young nonchalantly before the camera—the newly-born, perfunctorily licked calf rising almost at once to totter after the doe.

There is no converse risk that the humans will steal those television programmes which are specifically devoted to animals: good as they are, they are never more than amiable *compères*. *Look* and *Zoo Quest* have attracted enormous viewing audiences. Toads, polecats, and other improbable beasts are seen to have qualities almost as endearing as those of their civilised cousins. Even ITV's unpretentious, and presumably inexpensive, *Pets' Parade* recently convinced us of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the domesticable charm of the skunk. Soon the whole of Smart's quaint menagerie—the "spotted ounce," the "sable with his glossy pride," ermine and gier-eagle and xiphias, will have been called in to hold us to our screens.

The brute creation has also provided much of the best material for the animated cartoons which are themselves among the most entertaining commercials. It always seems to me slightly macabre (although in an ancient tradition of advertising) that cattle should actually recommend Oxo; but Guinness are at present using an enchanting ostrich, from whose long throat emanates a kind of strangled, gurgling, sub-human speech, a guttural parody of the well-known slogan. The funniest current animal commercial, however, is not a cartoon: it is a film of a chimpanzees' tea-party, the sound-track being so ingeniously synchronised with the grimaces of those taking part that they seem to be expatiating, in plausibly simian accents, on the merits of Brooke Bond's tea. This commercial should be a formidable challenger to the primacy of Murraymints (whose latest cartoon, showing a guardsman refusing to go on parade till he has finished his too-good-to-hurry mint, may excite solemn protests from the War Office and the Brigade).

Another thing about animals, also noted by Whitman, is that "not one is demented with the mania of owning things"; nor indeed are many of them mentally sick at all. In this respect also human beings are less fortunate. The national problem of mental illness is being tackled, with a high sense of responsibility and appropriate seriousness, by the BBC. This is a joint operation, on vision and on sound. Mr. Christopher Mayhew, M.P., introduced the TV series, *The Hurt Mind*, on Tuesday; and there will be another programme in the series at 10 p.m. each Tuesday until January 29, ending with one in which viewers' questions will be answered.

The hospital shown on Tuesday was admittedly one of the best. The patients seemed almost unnaturally well-behaved, in their comfortable lounges; Mr. Mayhew did not pretend that there were not other places far worse: but, since it is the purpose of this series to free mental illness from its shroud of prejudice and tabu, it is probably wise not to overdo the horrors. The most horrific detail on Tuesday was the reply of one patient when Mr. Mayhew asked why he was there. He said, in a most matter-of-fact voice: "I was being pursued and persecuted by wizards and possessed by familiars."

TOM DRIBERG

**"Mrs. Gibbon's Boys", at the Westminster**

A jailbreak in the family could only be embarrassing. It is especially so for Mrs. Gibbons, who has just accepted the hand of a man with twenty-five years' loyal service to the Gas Company, who is also about to be rewarded with a medal. When her two eldest boys arrive home bringing with them a fellow fugitive, named Horse, they feel obliged to detain her suitor and the neighbourhood cop till they can make their getaway. But Mrs. Gibbons is a Mother before everything; in Mother's eyes they remain just nice boys with a tendency to get into mischief and a lot of bad luck with the law. Her only real worry is to keep her youngest from endangering his probation by association with criminals.

With real dexterity the authors guide their one joke, alive and funny, for two hours to a conclusion that satisfies both law and motherhood. What the production lacks is the harshness and the compelling clatter that American players might have given it. The merit of this company from Windsor is in the careful details of their playing. Avice Landone as Mrs. Gibbons never loses hold of Mother's essential reasonableness, and her flat-footed walk is a homage to twenty years of housework in carpet slippers. The three hoodlums, Frederick Jaeger, Lee Montague and George Margo engagingly mimic Kazan's incoherent style, especially from the elbows down. The playing is perhaps a trifle gentle for the Bowery but the accent and physiognomy of the whole cast are perfectly authentic.

J. P. H.

# Correspondence

## THE TREASON TRIALS

SIR,—The opening speech for the prosecution in the South African treason trials contained a good many references to Communism and it may be that additional or alternative charges under the Suppression of Communism Acts will be made against some of the accused when committed for trial. It may therefore be of importance that English readers of reports of what is on any view likely to be one of the longest trials in history should be aware exactly what "high treason," "Communism" and "Communist" mean in South Africa today, even though it means setting out their definitions at length.

High treason is a Roman-Dutch common law offence, but its definition is thus given in the leading textbook:—

> High Treason is committed by those who with a hostile intention disturb, impair or endanger the independence or safety of the State, or attempt or actively prepare to do so.

It adds "High Treason may be committed by suppressing information."

"Communism" is defined in the Suppression of Communism Act, 1950, as follows:—

> "Communism" means the doctrine of Marxian Socialism as expounded by Lenin or Trotsky, the Third Communist International (the Comintern) or the Communist Information Bureau (the Cominform) or any related form of that doctrine expounded or advocated in the Union for the promotion of the fundamental principles of that doctrine and includes, in particular, any doctrine or scheme—
>
> (a) which aims at the establishment of a despotic system of government based on the dictatorship of the proletariat under which one political organisation only is recognised and all other political organisations are suppressed or eliminated; or
>
> (b) which aims at bringing about any political, industrial, social or economic change within the Union by the promotion of disturbance or disorder, by unlawful acts or omissions or by the threats of such acts or omissions or by means which include the promotion of disturbance or disorder, or such acts or omissions or threats; or
>
> (c) which aims at bringing about any political, industrial, social or economic change within the Union in accordance with the directions or under the guidance of or in co-operation with any foreign government or any foreign or international institution whose purpose or one of whose purposes (professed or otherwise) is to promote the establishment within the Union of any political, industrial, social or economic system identical with or similar to any system in operation in any country which has adopted a system of government such as is described in paragraph (a); or
>
> (d) which aims at the encouragement of feelings of hostility between the European and non-European races of the Union the consequences of which are calculated to further the achievement of any object referred to in paragraph (a) or (b).

In view of the extreme width of the definition of "Communism" it might be thought that the definition of "Communist" would be one who advocates Communism. This, however, is far from being the case. Section 1 of the Suppression of Communism Amendment Act, 1951, amended the 1950 Act by inserting in it the following definition of "Communist":

> "Communist" means a person who professes or has at any time before or after the commencement of this Act professed to be a Communist or who, after having been given a reasonable opportunity of making such representations as he may consider necessary, is deemed by the Governor-General or, in the case of an inhabitant of the territory of South West Africa, by the Administrator of the said territory, to be a Communist on the ground that he is advocating, advising, defending or encouraging or has at any time before or after the commencement of this Act, whether within or outside the Union, advocated, advised, defended or encouraged the achievement of any of the objects of Communism or any act or omission which is calculated to further the achievement of any such object, or

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that he has at any time before or after the commencement of this Act been a member or active supporter of any organisation outside the Union which professed, by its name or otherwise, to be an organisation for propagating the principles or promoting the spread of Communism, or which engaged in activities which were calculated to further the achievement of any of the objects of Communism.

When there are borne in mind the number and nature of the judicial appointments made by the Nationalist government of South Africa, the fact that the government is entitled to order such a case to be tried without a jury before a special court, the width of the above definitions and the fact that the accused, both European and non-European, include a number of prominent members of the Christian community in South Africa, it is perhaps not surprising to find that these treason trials are a matter of deep concern to all those in this country, to whatever political party they may belong, who care for civil liberties.

GERALD GARDINER

[Gerald Gardiner, Q.C., has been watching the opening days of the preliminary proceedings of the South African treason trials on behalf of Christian Action, the Bar Council, the Inns of Court Conservative and Unionist Society, the Society of Labour Lawyers, the Association of Liberal Lawyers and "Justice," a new organisation representing the last three societies for the purposes of civil liberties.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## THE MYSTERIOUS S.A.

SIR,—One morning, in the wide East Street of Bridport in Dorset, T. E. Lawrence, a few weeks before he was killed, told me that we had both dedicated a book to Sarah Aaronsohn and asked me if I had known her while she was alive. I had not, but, like him, I was her client after she was martyred.

One great omission in Miss Anita Engle's article is the fact she does not even mention Captain Alexander Aaronsohn, D.S.O., who achieved the unique distinction, at that time, of being commissioned into the British Army and being awarded the D.S.O. while being an enemy subject. The Aaronsohns of Zichron Jacob were Ottoman subjects when they formed and ran the Nilis, which, as Miss Engle so rightly says, Allenby stated to be a major instrument of his victory in the Holy Land.

I have many Aaronsohn papers. I was intimate with them after the first war. Though I am not a Jew, I have always considered that the Zionist authorities made a sad mistake when they did not adopt the heroic Sarah as their Joan of Arc during their building years between the wars. Because Alexander did not agree with the official Zionist policy of the era, the Aaronsohns were kept obscure. The time seems to have come when we British and the Americans should be told the story of this Aaronsohn family to show something of what went into the founding of the state of Israel—for the concept of which Sarah died as great a martyr as Joan, Agnes, Cecilia or any of her valiant and long-suffering community.

I regret that Miss Engle errs in some minor details in her description, but I willingly forgive her for bringing the matter to public light again. I can answer her query. Lawrence certainly meant the dedication for Sarah the martyr-maid of Israel. He told me so.

DOUGLAS DUFF

The Priest's House,
Theddlethorpe All Saints,
Nr. Mablethorpe, Lincolnshire.

## THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

SIR,—Mr. Thimbleby asks: Why am I so anxious to establish my point about "Radio Free Europe?" Here are my reasons. First: During the latter days of the Hungarian Revolution the right wing of the revolutionary forces were counting heavily on American military assistance against a second military intervention by the Red Army. When this assistance did not materialise hope turned into bitter disappointment. The prevalent feeling in these circles may be summed up by the statement made by an Hungarian insurgent to an American correspondent at the time: "We do not want any more of your damn encouragement and incitement. What we want and need are guns." Radio Free Europe and other similar broadcasting stations had fostered this false confidence among sections of Hungarian revolutionaries and had continued, at the same time, their attacks against Premier Nagy and his government. Secondly, an attempt is now being made to whitewash Radio Free Europe. We need to see the scripts concerned—and these are presumably the subject of the official German inquiry.

Mr. Thimbleby then accuses me of harbouring certain liberal delusions. Here I plead guilty, and whilst we are about it, I might as well confess two more liberal illusions: an anxiety to establish the facts before legends usurp their place, and a reluctance to accept everybody as a fighter for democracy merely because he is anti-Russian or anti-Communist or both. Outside Hungary, I would argue, those who give their daily blessings to the blood-stained tyranny of Franco Spain are nothing but hypocrites when they pretend to be concerned about democratic liberties in Hungary or anywhere else. Equally, I would contend, those who organised anti-Semitic pogroms in various Hungarian provincial towns, those who murdered Jewish police officers and Jewish Communists and pinned notices on their bodies saying: "This is the future for every Jew," were changing the character of the revolution and were, in fact, the enemies of the students and workers who had started it, and who had been inspired by the ideals of Socialism and democracy.

The most important points raised in this correspondence are the political and strategic motives for the successive stages of Soviet intervention and the conclusions to be drawn for the future foreign policy of the western powers. I have condemned from the start both the first and the second armed intervention. This condemnation, however, does not diminish the necessity of making an analysis of Soviet policy based upon fact, and we still need a policy to prevent tragedies of a similar kind. It is in this context that the progressive weakening of the Nagy-Tildy government between October 30 and November 3 and its impending fall and replacement by a right-wing government are of great importance. And the refusal of Cardinal Mindszenty, during the Tildy-Mindszenty interview, to support the Nagy-Tildy government, his insistence on the formation of an Adenauer type Christian Democratic Party, as reported in the New York *Herald Tribune* at the time, the foundation of the "Christian Front" by the Cardinal's political friends are, all of them, important elements in my contention that the Nagy-Tildy government was isolated and crumbling. The actual philosophical views held by the Cardinal are none of my business and their criticism is not part of my case. A possible alternative policy may be gleaned from the attitude adopted by Cardinal Wyszynski in Poland. The Primate of the Polish Church has consistently supported the liberalisation efforts of the Gomulka regime, and he has added greatly to the strength and cohesion of the Polish government, which in return has made genuine and highly desirable concessions to the Church.

I have been convinced all along that the Soviet government was prepared, up to October 31, to accept a modified "Polish" solution in Hungary, and I am now confirmed in that view by the news that is reaching us from Hungary. The return to a coalition Cabinet could open the way to an agreed settlement of the Hungarian problem by peaceful means. Here the western powers can play a crucial part. We ought to make immediate proposals for official negotiations about a European security pact, suitably connected with the United Nations, and we ought to start parallel negotiations on the re-unification of Germany. It is all the more disturbing in this situation to read the Foreign Secretary's speech in the Hungary debate. It was completely devoid of any constructive proposals, and he denigrated any attempt to view the problem of European security as one complex whole by denouncing it as "bargaining" German freedom for a settlement in Hungary. This does not represent the views even of some members of his own party, and it is certainly in complete opposition to the more positive policy which the Labour Party adopted at Blackpool.

Sheffield, 10.

J. MENDELSON

## BILLS OF INDICTMENT

SIR,—Surely the answer to your correspondent Mr. Waterhouse is that hard cases make bad law.

For better or for worse, prosecution of criminal offences is nowadays a matter of public administration and not of private vengeance or redress. Bills of indictment belong to a former time when the state did not assume the responsibility in the matter which it now does.

In the criminal law antique survivals are apt to become not merely obsolete but also dangerous, for with disappearance of the system into which they originally fitted goes the abolition or atrophy of the safeguards to which they were formerly subject. The survivals then become capable of abuse.

Whenever a change in the law is mooted, and this applies particularly to the almost mystically venerated English law of criminal procedure, there are voices raised to cry that the change will bear hardly somewhere. The question in all such cases is whether the new hardship is sufficient to outweigh the new benefit.

Without for one moment doubting any tendency of Cheshire farmers to smite auctioneers with hammers and then prevaricate about it, I would respectfully suggest that, taking the question of bills of indictment as a whole, Critic was quite right.

Enfield. J. C. HARRINGTON

## DEATH OF A HERO

SIR,—Perhaps blunt, simple questions like Mr. Toynbee's could be put to all correspondents conducting discussions in these pages. For instance:

PRIESTLEY AND LEAVIS

(1) Will Mr. Wain kindly say whether he believes in capital punishment?

PYGMALION

(2) Would the Shaw Society agree that our attack on Egypt was a "police operation"?

And conversly:

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

(3) Did Mr. Mendelson see the Braque exhibition?

Straight answers, please, and no hackneyed expressions: only precision, clarity. . . .

Does Mr. Toynbee believe that critical discussion is impossible without all concerned making a public exposure of their views "on events both in Hungary and in Egypt"? Or is this a new kind of Christmas quiz?

Volta House, JOHN WILLETT
Windmill Hill, N.W.3.

## A TANGLED WEB . . .

SIR,—I have just read the article "A tangled web . . ." in your issue of December 8. In the interests of truth I feel I must write to correct an error in the reference to Singapore. It is not true that the authorities "refused to allow the distribution in the Colony of any British newspapers or periodicals which criticised the British action." I receive your journal and the *Observer* regularly and at no time has there been any official interference with them. Throughout the period mentioned all British newspapers which are normally available here could be obtained from newsagents as usual. For two or three days press photographs arriving by air were examined by officials to ensure that no material likely to arouse the anger of the local, not inconsiderable, Muslim population would be published. The leading English language daily, the *Straits Times*, protested vehemently against this infringement of the freedom of the press and the practice was very rapidly discontinued. Incidentally, the *Straits Times* unequivocally condemned the British attack on Egypt: it still appears on the news-stands each morning.

207 Belmont Road, JOHN D. CARR
Singapore, 10.

## JERZY BOREJSZA

SIR,—Mr. K. S. Karol's story about Jerzy Borejsza in your issue of December 15 is pure invention. Borejsza died of cancer and was never jailed. I am surprised to find a completely false story in a paper so well informed about Poland and well known here for its objective presentation.

*Swiat Magazine*, STEFAN ARSKI
Warsaw. Editor in Chief

[K. S. Karol writes: "The circumstances in which Jerzy Borejsza met his death are mysterious. I reported the account which was given me in Warsaw by a source usually well-informed. Since then I have received letters telling me that Borejsza was killed in a car accident some weeks after being removed from his official position. Now Mr. Arski claims that his death was due to natural causes. I don't know which of these accounts I am to believe." —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

## ENGINEER'S WAGES

SIR,—The average weekly earnings figure of £12 12s mentioned in your article on engineers' wages on December 8th and referred to in a letter last week is *inclusive* and not *exclusive* of overtime. It applies to men 21 years and over in the engineering, shipbuilding and electrical goods industry group as at April, 1956, and is as published in the Ministry of Labour *Gazette* for September, 1956.

L. H. HORNSBY
*Director*
Public Relations,
Ministry of Labour and National Service.

## BACK TO THE BOOK

SIR,—Mr. Holland (*N.S. & N.*, December 22) seems to complain that in a recent review of mine "the essence of the book is barely detected by the reader." No doubt the reviewer should say at the beginning of his review what the books he is discussing are about. When they are called *Clare Boothe Luce* and *My own Story* by Margaret Truman, he may surely be allowed to assume that the reader will realise they are about Clare Boothe Luce and Margaret Truman.

WALTER ALLEN


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*BOOKS IN GENERAL*

# The Performing Lynx

"I'm living so far beyond my income," says one of the characters in Saki's *The Unbearable Bassington**, "that we may almost be said to be living apart." That is a pointer to Saki's case: it is the fate of wits to live beyond the means of their feeling. They live by dislocation and extravagance. They talk and tire in the hard light of brilliance and are left frightened and alone among the empty wine-glasses and tumbled napkins of the wrecked dinner-table. Saki was more than a wit. There was silence in him as well. In that silence one sees a freak of the travelling show of story-tellers, perhaps a gifted performing animal, and it is wild. God knows what terrors and cajoleries have gone on behind the scenes to produce this gifted lynx so contemptuously consenting to be half-human. But one sees the hankering after one last ferocious act in the cause of a nature abused. The peculiar character called Keriway who crops up unexplained in the middle of the Bassington novel tells the story of a "tame, crippled crane." "It was lame," Keriway says, "that is why it was tame."

What lamed and what tamed Saki? The hate, passion, loneliness that closed the hearts of the children of the Empire-builders? Like Thackeray, Kipling and Orwell, Saki was one of the children sent "home" from India and Burma to what seemed to them loveless care. Saki did not suffer as Kipling suffered, but we hear of an aunt whom his sister described as a woman of "ungovernable temper, of fierce likes and dislikes, imperious, a moral coward, possessing no brains worth speaking of and a primitive disposition." A Baroness Turgenev, in short. She is thought to be the detested woman in *Sredni Vashtar*, one of Saki's handful of masterpieces, the tale of the boy who plotted and prayed that she should be killed by a ferret. Boy and ferret were satisfied. But something less pat and fashionably morbid than a cruel aunt at Barnstaple must lie behind Saki's peculiarity, though she may go some way to explain his understanding of children. We are made by forces much older than ourselves. Saki was a Highland Scot and of a race that was wild and gay in its tribal angers. Laughter sharpens the steel. He belonged—and this is more important—to an order more spirited, melancholy, debonair and wanton than the puddingy Anglo-Saxon world south of the Border, with its middle-class wealth, its worry and its conventions. He could not resist joining it, but he joined to annoy. *The Unbearable Bassington* is a neat piece of taxidermy, a cheerful exposure of the glass case and contents of Edwardian society, a footnote to *The Spoils of Poynton*. In a way, Saki has been tamed by this society, too. Clovis likes the cork-pop of an easy epigram, the schoolboy hilarity of the practical joke and the fizz of instant success—"The art of public life consists to a great extent of knowing exactly where to stop and going a bit further" and so on—he is the slave of the tea-cup and dates with every new word. His is the pathos of the bubble. But Saki has strong resources: he is moved by the inescapable nature of the weariness and emptiness of the socialite life, though unable to catch, like Firbank, the minor poetry of fashion. Francesca is too shallow to know tragedy, but she will know the misery of not being able to forget what she did to her son, all her life. She is going to be quietly more humiliated every year. And then, Saki's other resource is to let the animals in with impudent cruelty. The leopard eats the goat in the Bishop's bathroom, the cat rips a house-party to pieces, the hounds find not a fox but a hyena and it comfortably eats a child; the two trapped enemies in the Carpathian forest make up their feud and prepare to astonish their rescuers with the godly news but the rescuers are wolves. Irony and polish are meant to lull us into amused, false comfort. Saki writes like an enemy. Society has bored him to the point of murder. Our laughter is only a note or two short of a scream of fear.

Saki belongs to the early period of the sadistic revival in English comic and satirical writing—the movement suggested by Stevenson, Wilde, Beerbohm, Firbank and Evelyn Waugh—the early period when the chief target was the cult of convention. Among these he is the teaser of hostesses, the shocker of dowagers, the mocker of female crises, the man in the incredible waistcoat who throws a spanner into the teacup; but irreverence and impudence ought not to be cultivated. They should occur. Otherwise writers are on the slippery slope of the light article. Saki is on it too often. There is the puzzling, half-redeeming touch of the amateur about him, that recalls Maurice Baring's remark that he made the mistake of thinking life more important than art. But the awkwardness, the jumpiness in some of these sketches, the disproportion between discursion and incident or clever idea has something to do with the journalism of the period—Mr. Evelyn Waugh's suggestion—and, I would add, some connection with the decadence of club culture. The great period of that culture was in the mid-nineteenth century: by the early 1900s it had run into the taste for the thin, the urbane and the facetious; and to sententious clichés: Lady Bastable is "wont to retire in state to the morning-room"; Clovis makes a "belated appearance at the breakfast-table"; people "fare no better" and are "singularly" this or that. The cinema, if nothing else, has burned this educated shrubbery out of our comic prose. But Saki's club prose changes when he is writing descriptions of nature [in which he is a minor master] when he describes animals and children or draws his sharp new portraits. His people are chiefly the stupid from the county, the natterers of the drawing-room and the classical English bores, and though they are done in cyanide, the deed is touched by a child's sympathy for the vulnerable areas of the large mammals. He collected especially the petty foibles and practical vanities of women (unperturbed by sexual disturbance on his part), and so presented them as persons, just as he presented cats as cats and dogs as dogs.

> Eleanor hated boys and she would have liked to have whipped this one long and often. It was perhaps the yearning of a woman who had no children of her own.

Or there is the scene between the pleasant Elaine who, having just become engaged to be married, decides to increase her pleasure by scoring off her aunt, and her country cousin who has also just got engaged. Saki is clear that Elaine is a thoroughly nice girl:

> "There is as much difference between a horseman and a horsy man as there is between a well-dressed man and a dressy one," said Elaine judicially "and you may have noticed how seldom a dressy woman really knows how to dress. An old lady of my acquaintance observed the other day, some people are born with a sense of how to clothe themselves, others acquire it, others look as if their clothes had been thrust upon them."

A stale joke? Beware of Saki's claws; he goes on in the next sentence:

> She gave Lady Caroline her due quotation marks, but the sudden tactfulness with which she looked away from her cousin's frock was entirely her own idea.

Saki's male bores and male gossips are remarkable in our comic literature, for he does not take the usual English escape of presenting them as eccentrics. Bores are bores, classifiable, enjoyable like anacondas or the lung-fish. There is Henry Creech with "the prominent, penetrating eyes of a man who can do no listening in the ordinary way and whose eyes have to perform the function of listening for him." And bores have lives. When Stringham made a witty remark for the first time in his life in the House of Commons one evening, remarking indeed that, "the people of Crete unfortunately make more history than they can consume locally," his wife grasped that some clever woman had got hold of him and took poison.

E. V. Knox's edition of the tales is a pleasant one, but it inexplicably omits all the stories from *Beasts and Superbeasts* in which Saki was at his best. I do not much care for Saki's supernatural stores, though I like the supernatural touch: the dog, for example, in *The Unbearable Bassington*, at the ghastly last dinner-party. His best things are always ingenious: the drama of incurring another's fate in *The Hounds of Fate*, the shattering absurdity of *Louis*, the artificial dog; and the hilarious tale of the tattooed Dutch commercial traveller, who is confined to Italy because he is officially an unexportable work of art. The joke, for Saki, is in the kill. On the whole, it is the heart that is aimed at. He is always richly informed in the vanities of political life and does it in a manner that recalls Disraeli. Except for novels by Belloc, there has been none of this political writing since. Artificial writers of his kind depend, of course, on the dangerous trick-logic of contrivance. Success here is a gamble. For morality he substitutes the child's logic of instinct and idea.

*The Unbearable Bassington* is one of the lasting trifles. Its very surprising quality is the delicate apprehension of pleasure and misery.

* 76 *Short Stories*. By SAKI. Introduction by E. V. KNOX. *Collins*. 6s. 6d. *The Unbearable Bassington*. By SAKI. Introduction by EVELYN WAUGH. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 6s.

Saki was short of pity. He was an egotist and had no soothing word for pain. He knew that certain kinds of pain cannot be forgotten. Self-dramatisation, self-pity, none of the usual drugs, can take that stone from the heart. He is thoughtful but will offer nothing. In this frivolous novel Saki begins to mature. His next novel, *The Coming of William*, written in 1912 and warning lazy and corrupt Society of the German menace, was good propaganda. He imagined an England annexed to Germany and it makes uncomfortable reading; for silly Society turns instantly to collaboration. There is a more serious discomfort here; a disagreeable anti-Semitism shows more plainly in this book and one detects, in this soldierly sado-masochist, a desire for the "discipline" of authoritarian punishment. He is festive and enjoyable as the wild scourge; but the danger obviously was that this performing lynx, in the demi-monde between journalism and a minor art, might have turned serious and started lecturing and reforming his trainer. In earlier and more spontaneous days, he would have eaten him.

V. S. PRITCHETT

## Hilton Abstract

Roger, whether the tree is made
To speak or stand as a tree should,
Lifting its branches over lovers
And moving as the wind moves,
There is the longed-for, loved event,
To be by another aloneness loved.

Hell with this and hell with that
And hell with all the scunnering lot.
This can go and that can go
And leave us with the quick and slow.
And quick and slow are nothing much.
We either touch or do not touch.

Yet the great humilities
Keep us always ill at ease.
The weather moves above us and
The mouse makes its little sound.
Whatever happens happens and
The false hands are moving round.

Hell with this and hell with that.
All that's best is better not.
Yet the great humilities
Keep us always ill at ease,
And in keeping us they go
Through the quick and through the slow.

W. S. GRAHAM

## In The Wood

The hunter's trick transforms a sense of loss
By posing oddly stiff against the corpse.
The native bearers grin, the branches cross
Negligently, and where those great paws lapse
On the crushed grass, we think we know we see
An enemy lie beaten, or set free.

But sidling through the bushes, cursing leaves
That flip against our faces, we pursue
The gentle hind that in our breathing breathes:
Expectant of no triumph if we do
At last, exhausted, find her trapped before
A sudden cliff, and quivering, footsore.

Because no camera would work in such
A curious light, there'd be no need to mount
The yielding body, nor to posture much:
But fixed upon the green perspective's point
Some fever might run chilling through the blood
Like the sharp cry still echoing in the wood.

GORDON WHARTON

## When Hitler was Winning

**Documents on German Foreign Policy, 1918-1945. Series D. Volume IX. The War Years. March 18-June 22, 1940.** *H.M.S.O.* 35*s.*

On March 18, 1940, Hitler and Mussolini met on the Brenner. Hitler announced, in veiled terms, that he intended to finish off England and France with "a few terrible blows". Mussolini agreed to enter the war, once it was clear that Germany had won it. On June 22 a defeated France signed the armistice. Hitler and Mussolini both imagined that the war was over. These were the great days of German victory; and the diplomats had little to do. They trailed along in Hitler's wake, feebly trying to keep their end up. They had little success. In Norway, the German Minister had no faith in Quisling and tried to arrange a more plausible government. He was overruled by Hitler. Ribbentrop did no better. Early in June he inquired furiously who had allowed the Italian ambassador to see the King of the Belgians. After much devious telephoning the answer came back: "the Führer himself had sanctioned the interview." The chargé d'affaires in Washington had the roughest time of it. He was constantly protesting against attempts at sabotage in the United States. The Foreign Office supported him; and even the High Command agreed. But a few days later there would be another knock at the embassy door; and another seedy individual would present himself, complete with dynamite and harebrained notions.

Most people read this collection to see what bits of discreditable information they can find out about their own government or those of other countries. This volume has a few such scraps. Little enough about England—only the usual gossip that Lloyd George might head a peace-ministry. Ireland is more interesting: leaning over backwards in neutrality and thinking about partition to the exclusion of all else. It is also no surprise that Franco would have come into the war if he had been given all French Morocco—or so he said. Molotov ran over with fulsome congratulations on the German victory. There is one point of substance here. If there was any sense in Russian policy, it should have rested on the balance of power—favouring Germany when she seemed the weaker, and then swinging towards the other side. Quite the reverse! Russian policy was craven. The Russians slowed down their supplies in March when Germany seemed to have got stuck. The day that the Germans invaded Norway, Molotov saw the German ambassador and told him that the slowing-down had been a bureaucratic mistake on the part of Mikoyan. The only precaution the Russians took during the campaign in France was to occupy the Baltic states and to prepare to move into Bessarabia—singularly futile acts.

The greatest interest of the collection lies in the correspondence between Mussolini and Hitler, which is printed almost in full. It is at once ridiculous and terrifying: these two half-crazy men putting on an act for each other's benefit and yet determining in their clownish folly the fate of millions. Hitler's letters combine adulation and contempt in a unique way. Equally comical is Mussolini rolling his eyes and exclaiming "very important!" at some commonplace phrase in order to score off Ciano before the sentence was translated into Italian. Italy's entry into the war was typical. Mussolini told Hitler that he proposed to attack France on June 5. Hitler replied: wait a few days in order to fit in with my plans. He followed this up with a further message that he had changed his plans and that Mussolini could go ahead on June 5. Whereupon Mussolini answered that he would be ready on June 11.

In this exchange of fatuities some realities stick out—often in condemnation of allied policy. Thus on March 18 Hitler told Mussolini: Ger-


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many's position had been tense in the previous September; there were then only seven divisions in the west. In other words, a real French offensive would have changed the course of the war. Again, when Hitler and Mussolini met to discuss the armistice terms for France on June 18, Hitler said that it would be "by far preferable" that a French government should remain in France; and Ciano agreed: "If the French Government were to leave the country, very unpleasant complications might ensue". These two sentences kill the argument for Pétain and the Vichy government that it was a setback for German plans. It is satisfactory to have a controversy ended by a verdict from Hitler himself.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

## Master of Irony

**Kafka's Castle.** By RONALD GRAY. *Cambridge.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Kafka has for long been the victim of the literary Liberaces who put together a popular book on Modern Man by playing variations on misunderstood excerpts from great writers. He has been in danger of being turned into a set of clichés about guilt and anxiety, which would be a ridiculous fate for the most subtle, many-sided and elusive of modern novelists. Now at last there is a serious, careful study of his methods and intentions as a story-teller. Mr. Gray confines himself to *The Castle*, adding a chapter on some parallels between *The Castle* and *The Trial*. He modestly remarks that criticism is already too "voluminous." But good criticism is certainly not voluminous, and good criticism of Kafka least of all. The problems are too formidable.

Kafka's genius was a genius for irony, the irony of different levels of meaning and of doubtful interpretation. His peculiar method of story-telling is not whimsical, but is the unavoidable reflection of his view of experience and of his religion. Any true story of a man's purposes and achievements must admit different levels of interpretation, and the nature and outcome of the incidents must be uncertain both to the protagonists and to the reader, and uncertain in different ways. The point is not that we, as fallible men, are uncertain of the truth, but rather that the truth is a particular kind of uncertainty. This is why the authorities in *The Castle*, who seem to be in the position of supernatural powers, are almost as confused in their purposes as their dependents in the village.

Mr. Gray brilliantly shows how the hero, K., whose point of view is within the story and is not that of a narrator outside, can be only a partial interpreter of his own actions and fate. The story is told through his experiences, but he cannot himself see the connections that may be there to be seen. The story itself is definite in its smallest detail, and is told, as if in spite of its author, with absolute objectivity and naturalness. At which moments K. is near to success in his mission, and at which moments he fails, is never known to K. himself and cannot be beyond doubt to the reader, who is made to see various possibilities but is also made to form his own judgment between them. Even if failure is sometimes obvious, success is necessarily connected with doubt and it comes unexpectedly at some moment of despair and abandonment.

Mr. Gray has an eye for the small details of gesture and dialogue in which Kafka delighted, and at the same time he never insists too heavily on their significance. He dismisses the many psycho-analytical explanations of the novels as irrelevant to criticism. They are worse than irrelevant, I think, since Kafka foresaw exactly what the clinical diagnosis of his temperament must be and explained why any diagnosis was beside the point. He was as clearly aware as any of his critics of the factors in his own situation: the psychological consequences of his early fear of his father and of his long illness: the ancient fears, and sense of separation, of the Jews in Central Europe. But he thought that his own fears were antennæ which led him towards a truth that is general. Mr. Gray has partially explained the method of presentation of this truth in *The Castle*; only partially, because, as he observes, the method is not finally separable from the meaning, and the story is not an allegory. More of its humour and sadness are discovered every time that one reads this most sceptical of all modern descriptions of human life which are also religious in spirit. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gray will now examine its only rival, *The Trial*.

STUART HAMPSHIRE


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NAOMI MITCHISON in the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN. *Frontis. & drawings in text* [18s]

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**PHILOSOPHY**

*The Journal of the Royal Institute of Philosophy*

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## Hot Air

**Mazzini and the Secret Societies.** By E. E. Y. HALES. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30*s.*

Mazzini was regarded by the monarchs and chancellors of Europe as a ruthless desperado. In fact he spent most of his life writing some 50,000 hysterical and self-pitying letters. Far too many of these have survived, and thanks to the misplaced energy of the Italian National Commission, a hundred quarto-sized volumes of them have already been published, with more to come. It is largely from these that Mr. Hales has compiled this short, scholarly and dispassionate study of Mazzini's early life. It describes, in some detail, Mazzini's family and schooldays, his work in the *Carbonari*, the international secret society which flourished in the Metternich era, his foundation of the rival Young Italy and Young Europe movements, his ludicrous attempt to invade Savoy, and his flight to London in 1837. Presumably, the study will be completed by a further volume on Mazzini's later years. Meanwhile, it must be said at once that Mr. Hales, though by no means unsympathetic to his hero, does not, like most Mazzini scholars, exaggerate his importance. His book is appropriately sub-titled "the making of a myth."

Mazzini was notoriously incompetent as a revolutionary. To begin with, he was ill-equipped for his task. His parents were nationalist fellow-travellers, in itself a handicap (successful rebels always come from conservative homes). He became a revolutionary while still at school, and his approach to politics remained childish and naive throughout his life. Apart from Genoa, where he was born, and Florence, which he once visited, he knew nothing of Italy until 1848. He formed an increasing dislike for his fellow-countrymen, indeed for men in general, though he disguised his misanthropy by professing a love for humanity. He had skimmed through a few volumes of philosophy and history; otherwise he was ill-read. He knew nothing of political organisation or economics—indeed, he regarded them as irrelevant in the face of what he called moral forces. In practical matters he was dogged by monotonous ill-fortune: his letters always fell into the hands of the police, the false bottoms to his trunks were always discovered, his trusted agents always deserted him at crucial moments. He had, it is true, the virtue of persistence, but he cannot have inspired much confidence as a leader.

Moreover, his celebrated idealism and selflessness will bear even less examination than his reputation as a professional revolutionary. Most of the many people with whom he quarrelled accused him of egoism—a charge he was himself inclined to admit. Untruthful and dishonest, he cheated his trusting father out of 7,000 francs, a considerable sum in those days. Like Marx, he was vindictively exclusive, classifying other people's revolutions as "insurrections" and therefore "immoral." The assassinations he planned were directed at semi-liberals like Louis-Philippe and Charles-Albert, never at arch-reactionaries like Metternich. At all times he was unreliable. At a crucial moment in 1833, he suddenly disappeared without warning, taking with him his mistress, his illegitimate child, and the passport of one of his lieutenants. In his megalomania he saw himself as a lay Christ, sent by an undenominational God to preach the gospel of nationalism; but such moments of euphoria were followed by spasms of self-denigration:

> I am morally ill—I have moral convulsions as another may have physical convulsions—there are times when I would like to roll on the ground and bite myself, like a serpent.

Mazzini cannot be blamed for all his faults. He grew up and lived in an unreal, overheated world, a world of police spies and invisible ink, whose every conversation was a blend of violence and philosophical abstractions, where every action was seen against a background of romanticism run mad. When, as a neophyte revolutionary, he was sent to Florence to see Guerrazzi, the great man insisted on beginning the conversation by reading an entire chapter of his *Siege of Florence*, so that "the blood mounted to his head as he read, and he bathed his forehead to calm himself." Doria, Mazzini's first leader, was a triple agent, working for the *Carbonari*, the Piedmontese government and the Austrians, whilst at the same time passionately in love with a woman employed by the authorities to poison him. Mazzini never really rose above this cloak-and-dagger level. Indeed, when he decided to found the Young Italy movement, his first action was to devise a secret handshake:

> . . . one Cousin's hands crossed and spread out with the palms flat on the heart, the other's crossed with the palms extended outwards to indicate an open heart, and the greeting *what is the time?* with the response *time for the struggle*. . . .

When he was driven into exile in Switzerland the situation got worse since, in addition to the excitable Italians who accompanied him, he fell in with a crowd of lunatic Poles and Germans. Together they devised a grandiose invasion of Savoy; and at this point the melodrama toppled over into low comedy. A professional soldier of fortune was employed to lead the army; he turned up late, pocketed the funds and, when zero-hour came, refused to lead his troops, only a quarter of whom had turned up. The Polish-German

contingent spent the whole of D-Night rowing up and down the lake of Geneva, pursued by the Swiss authorities. The rest spent it in hysterical argument and then dispersed to write pamphlets attacking each other.

Why anyone ever took Mazzini seriously is a mystery. His writings are repetitive nonsense, the bastard offspring of an unnatural union between Lamennais and Herder. *Faith and the Future* is on about the same intellectual level as Colonel Nasser's *Philosophy of the Revolution*. His influence, such as it was, has been almost entirely harmful. His belief that national self-determination would lead to a stable European confederacy was based on the fundamental error that national interests were not conflicting. Hence he helped to create the arrogant nation-empires which plunged Europe into two world wars.

PAUL JOHNSON

# Uncommonplace Book

**The Hand of a Stranger.** By JEAN COCTEAU. Translated by ALEC BROWN. *Elek.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

If this book falls into the hands of some attentive young man, I advise him to slow down, to re-read any sentence he has read too quickly, to think of the pains I am taking to pick up those wavelengths that shun the confusion of the milieux in which he suffers and from which he seeks to escape. I beg him to try to escape from the multitude, from the plural that rejects him, into the singular that the darkness of his own self offers him. I do not say, like Gide: "Leave home, abandon your family." I tell him: "Stay there, and take refuge in your own darkness. Examine it. Bring it into the light of day."

The paragraph is characteristic of Cocteau. "Some attentive young man": he has always addressed the young, and always demanded close attention; his spare, deceptively simple language, as Julian Green remarked, gives lustre and freshness to ordinary words. "Those wavelengths that shun the confusion": he has always sought both mystery and precision, sometimes falling for the worldly tricks of conjurors, but more often pointing an unerring finger at the gaps in our certainty, the loopholes in our metaphysics, the regions within us, and beyond the frontiers of our brightly-lit lives, where honesty and humility compel the admission, *We do not know*. "Take refuge in your own darkness, examine it." Cocteau has always done so, more explicitly than most of his generation. He is not a Freudian, anxious to floodlight the darkness rather than explore it: nor is he a dogmatist or metaphysician, despite the sustained metaphors of the myths he creates. He works, he says, in a half-sleep: but he is no exponent of automatic writing. "Bring it into the light of day." He is so articulate as to be accused of trickery: his critics might say of him, as Etienne Gilson said of Abelard, "*Tout était clair pour lui, même le mystère.*"

The trophies he has brought back from safari in his own dark continent bear slightly defiant labels—"*Poésie de roman*"—"*Poésie critique*"—"*Poésie cinématographique*"—and so on. One hardly grudges them the title when one thinks of their quite unique quality: the films *Orphée*, *Les Parents Terribles*, *Le Sang d'un Poète*; the novels *Thomas l'Imposteur*, *Le Grand Ecart*, *Les Enfants Terribles*; the critical essays *Le Rappel à l'Ordre*, *Essai de Critique indirecte*, *La Difficulté d'Etre*, and *Journal d'un Inconnu*. The last-named, now translated as *The Hand of a Stranger*, is more sober than some of its predecessors, less of a pyrotechnical display. It was first published some three years ago, after Cocteau had announced his retirement from Paris to the sunshine and sea air of St. Jean-Cap Ferrat. It begins, in fact, with a long, reflective self-examination, protesting that celebrity such as Cocteau's tends to obscure, yet shields, his real being and his real work. This, he says, will therefore be the account of an unknown being, peeling off the mudpack of praise, blame, and gossip, trying to reveal, as it were, the skin beneath the dog. What it in fact turns into is a fascinating, brilliantly written and subjective account of the process of creation, spiced and illuminated by bizarre and disturbing anecdotes and by flashes of epigrammatic wit and *espièglerie*. If you happen to dislike Cocteau's brand of paradox, you will sometimes be irritated by the book: but you'll scarcely fail, I think, to be struck by its insight as well as by its awareness of the tragic condition of man.

You may even enjoy its value as gossip. Picasso, Mauriac, Maurice Sachs, Gide, Sartre, Jean Genet, Proust, Claudel, all and more make fleeting appearances—usually to point the argument with some memorable remark, like Picasso's thinking it a miracle he didn't melt in his bath. But Cocteau himself, like the Devil, has most of the best lines. "As a matter of fact, Mauriac has remained one of those children who will insist on mixing with grown-ups." "Rousseau's posterior was Freud's moon rising." "Paris cultivates the torture technique of Mexico, smearing its victims with honey, after which the ants have a field-day." "If man offers to suppress atomic weapons, that is not to make war impossible, but to make it possible." And beyond the immediate pleasure of such *obiter dicta*, *The Hand of a Stranger* throws many revealing sidelights on its author's other writings. Diverting and stimulating simply as a commonplace-book, it is required reading for anyone concerned with Cocteau's work. It may even help to turn some of the *canards* about him into ordinary dead ducks.

Unfortunately, Mr. Brown's English version gives a slightly blurred impression of its original. This is no doubt inevitable; and at least this "authorised translation" of Cocteau is far better than some that have previously appeared. Nevertheless, it seems needlessly mannered. "Epidermis" is rather long-winded as a translation of "*peau*," and "tenebrosity," used throughout for "*ténèbres*," is a continual embarrassment. At the risk of seeming priggish, therefore, I have offered my own apologetic version of the quotation at the head of this article. Mr. Brown's contains one of the few phrases where he has misread the grammar of his text.

RICHARD MAYNE

# Potential for Variety

**The Minute and Longer Poems.** By JOHN HOLLOWAY. *Marvell Press.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**Poems.** By ELIZABETH BISHOP. *Chatto & Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

**A Candle Ahead.** By MARGIAD EVANS. *Chatto & Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

**Night Thoughts.** By DAVID GASCOYNE. *Deutsch.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**Sequences.** By SIEGFRIED SASSOON. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**Uncertainties and Other Poems.** By JOHN PRESS. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**Poems.** By THOMAS KINSELLA. *Dolmen Press, Dublin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

"I believe that we shall now best nurture poetry by remembering its vast potential for variety; by noting the great uncertainty of criticism; and above all, perhaps, by a sustained care for verse which makes us wide and quietly hopeful readers, and which instructs us that positively to relish condemnation, in however slight a degree, is the death of criticism and reading alike, and maybe of poetry too." That is the case that needed to be made, in just that tone of voice, against not the principles but the broad practical effect, on a lot of young men, of Dr. Leavis. It comes from a note on his feelings about poetry which Mr. John Holloway has contributed to the current bulletin of the Poetry Book Society. Spite and envy, particularly in young writers who are just arriving, can disguise themselves all too easily to-day as a rigorous concern for standards. About that, too, Mr. Holloway has a wise remark to make: "If we wish our society to produce verse that satisfies a high standard, we had better not fuss and fume continually about what a high standard would be like." No, rather let us expose ourselves honestly to what writers have to offer us, let us be good readers; and out of our reading our standards will grow. Standards are, as Dr. Leavis once himself remarked in a controversy with Dr. René Wellek, not yardsticks to be applied from the outside.

The worry about standards does, of course, arise from something; from the lack of a common tone, the lack even of broadly comparable intentions, over much of the field of contemporary poetry; so that every individual volume, of any pretensions, demands of us new adjustments of our expectations. Thus, it doesn't at all help in approaching Mr. Holloway's own volume to consider him as a "New Movement" poet. He is only incidentally a social poet; his humour is not genial; and he is not primarily concerned, like Mr. Larkin, or Mr. Amis, or Mr. Enright, with the latent significances of small incidents from everyday life. One might say, in fact, that his poetry is at its best when it reveals most nakedly an obsession with the inhuman and the sub-human, with forces outside us and inside us that make human order precarious:

A monster is the pitch of all likelihood
A lowland river is the one to flood
A germless table is to make us bleed
A whole year sober then one bare night mad
What the trim pattern had made one thread destroyed.

His weather is always threatening:

Shun the black puddles, the scrub hedge
Down to the sea. Keep to the wet streets where
Mercury and sodium flood their sullen fire.
Tonight, do not disturb the water's edge.

Again, two of the most powerful but also most ugly short poems in Mr. Holloway's book, *In The Dark* and *A Game of Cards*, are about madness, terror, and cruelty. He is a rational man, frighteningly aware of the strength of the irrational; in the kind of subject-matter he likes—ghosts and ghostly atmospheres come into it, too—he is much more like Walter de la Mare in his darker moods than he is at all like, say, Mr. John

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Wain. One very strong influence on Mr. Holloway's manner is, also, that of that great enemy of the "levelling, rancorous, rational sort of mind," Yeats. The tone is sometimes pure Yeats:

> . . . since
> For the mere travelling man it's obvious that
> What has no centre's all circumference.
> And yet an actor images a man. . . .

In some more personal poems, like *The Petty Testament of Peter the Clerk*, a puritan conscience examines itself with sinisterly probing humour. *The Minute* as a whole gives one an impression of a formidable rather than a likeable talent; but, on somewhat grim material, here is a poetic intelligence honestly at work.

Miss Bishop, by way of contrast, is nothing if not charming: in her lighter poems, particularly, like *Invitation to Miss Marianne Moore*, she is all ease, affection, and gay extravagance:

> Bearing a musical inaudible abacus,
> a slight censorious frown, and blue ribbons,
> please come flying.
> Facts and skyscrapers glint in the tide; Manhattan
> is all awash with morals this fine morning,
> so please come flying.

And she remains an extremely and consciously elegant writer even in poems where gaiety would be out of place, like the disturbing dream-poem, *The Weed*. The precision of the rhythm of these lines conveys, for instance, exactly, the painfulness of an effort to define an experience the heart of which remains obscure:

> As if a river should carry all
> the scenes that it had once reflected
> shut in its water, and not floating
> on momentary surfaces.

There are, of course, some readers whom Miss Bishop's very aplomb will put off; they feel a poem should struggle and grope more. They will prefer, therefore, Miss Margiad Evans's volume, which gives, all through, a sense of a wrestle with the intractable. There are sudden wonderful victories, like this sestet of a love sonnet, which has a concentrated effect of passionate plain wit that could not, in fact, be paralleled in Miss Bishop:

> Can any poet tell his love? I scarcely
> believe it possible: I do not think he can,
> his imagery withers and his words grow wan,
> and he becomes as dim as any other man.
> A woman fails in love more miserably.
> Written, not spoken, women sound like heresy.

But the lack of suppleness in Miss Evans's technique does, too often, turn what should be presented experience into stumbling abstract statement:

> and in this singleness of thought
> I found the reconciliation that I sought.

Yet this is a volume to be respected. So, very much, also, for its fine loyalty, in its patiently halting rhythms and its agnostic wistfulness, to a Georgian sensibility—to more than that, to an old England gone for good—should Mr. Sassoon's volume be respected. Mr. Donald Davie would admire the "purity of diction" of this:

> Dim lights have had their day; wax candles even
> Produce a conscious "period atmosphere."
> But brass out-twinkles time; my candelabrum
> Persists well on toward its three-hundredth year,
> And has illuminated, one might say,
> Much vista'd history, many vanished lives. . . .
> Meanwhile for me, outside my open window,
> The twilight blackbird flutes, and spring arrives.

Mr. David Gascoyne's *Night Thoughts* made a wonderfully moving broadcast. It has a large theme, the terrifying isolation of the individual in a world without a fixed faith or a sense of organic community; and the overcoming of this isolation through prayer and neighbourly love. But when read on the page the long, loose lines, the repetitions, the high-pitched tone of the whole thing—just right for the air, where they created larger-than-life archetypes—seem to sketch out, to make a gesture towards, an ambitious poem, rather than to achieve one. Writing for broadcasting and for the eye are—it is becoming clearer and clearer—two different arts. About the last two books, I must be brief. Mr. Press is a man of taste and reading and a sound verse craftsman, but I do not feel he had to write his poems. Mr. Kinsella, a young Irish poet, is uneven and sometimes touchingly callow, but I feel he had to write his; something, on his pages, is alive and growing.

G. S. FRASER

# Sumptuous Florilegium

**Great Flower Books, 1700-1900.** By SACHEVERELL SITWELL and WILFRID BLUNT. *Collins.* 12 *gns.*

A taste for the glorious botanical books of the last two centuries is an expensive one to gratify. All now fetch high prices; so that this representative selection of some of their best plates together with an excellent bibliography is not so great an extravagance as it might seem. It is a handsomely produced book, charmingly bound, with superb typography well laid out on a spacious folio page. Sacheverell Sitwell performs the almost impossible feat of writing about flowers poetically but without preciosity, and Wilfrid Blunt provides the history of the subject. The two essays should have been better checked; one is irritated by being *twice* informed that Maria Sibylla Merian was converted to Labadism, interesting though the fact may be.

It is on the plates, however, that the book will be judged. Botanical illustration has something in common with musical interpretation. Faithful, accurate reproduction is important but not enough—the best interpreter will fall in love with an auricula or a Bach fugue and convey his absorbed devotion in a way that seems for the moment to deny beauty to other plants and forms of music. The artist of "Polyanthuses," chosen for the dust-cover, has failed to do this. His eye has wandered elsewhere; he has thought of, but not looked at his subject, with the result that his staring, insensitive flower-heads held on broomsticks are mere formulæ for this most delightful of plants, with its contrast between rich velvet corolla and rough peasant leaf. It is far otherwise with Redouté. His dedication to roses (here illustrated by two fine plates) was not exclusive; and two of his less-known irises, stylish in design and delicate in detail, will make the devotee gasp with pleasure. Nicolas Robert, Ehret, Fitch and the *Temple of Flora* are well represented, and there are two brilliant and confident drawings by a Miss Drake (about whom nothing is known except that she lived at Turnham Green). Why then include among such company a rose by Mary Lawrence, admittedly "a quite second-rate botanical artist"? Hundreds of maiden aunts of the period did as well.

The reproduction of the plates is unequal. The later lithographs and aquatints are well served by the modern technique of photolithography. But the earlier copper-plate engravings (with their incomparably fine yet vital line) are, alas, disappointingly dull and dead, and look as though they had soaked into the paper instead of starting out of it full of life and vigour. In spite of which, this "sumptuous florilegium" will bring "controlled intoxication" to anyone lucky enough to acquire it.

FRANCES PARTRIDGE

# Guide to Jazz

**Dictionary of Jazz.** By H. PANASSIÉ and M. GAUTIER. *Cassell.* 25*s.*

Publishers' blurbs are rarely over-modest about their authors, but Cassell's about Hugues Panassié is an exception to the rule. M. Panassié is the father of jazz-criticism, author of *Le Rugby, Règles et Techniques du Jeu*, a man for whom every old jazz-lover, however exasperated, must have a soft spot, and within his limits still an extraordinarily sensitive and acute critic. But his limits are *not*, as his publishers suggest, those of "traditional jazz," as the term is currently understood today; that is the traditional music of Southern Negroes in general and the New Orleans musicians in particular. M. Panassié has indeed done more than anyone else to arouse intelligent interest in this music, and to establish critical standards for it, and many of us will find his Dictionary well worth the money simply because it contains the best, indeed the only reasonable, guide through the simple and strangely moving world of the blues-singers and blues-pianists, the men who started their careers guiding blind minstrel guitarists and singers along Southern roads, with the grotesque and flamboyant nicknames of folk-artists—Blind Lemon Jefferson, Muddy Waters, Tampa Red, Cousin Joe or The Honeydripper—and the women who, far superior to the men in this art, provide some of the most moving experiences open to the lover of jazz. Moreover, M. Panassié is a sufficiently serious admirer of New Orleans jazz to distinguish between what is good and what is mediocre or negligible in the "New Orleans Revival" which has, since the early 1940s, swept round the world and created the background music for the generation of John Osborne's *Look Back In Anger*, which is about all most of it is fit for.

The "traditionalist" jazz-lover tends to confine his enthusiasm to these, the original patterns of jazz, and to reject everything beyond them as commercialised or corrupt. But Panassié has, in fact, never done this: he has written as sensibly and sensitively about the highly untraditional artists of the 1930s and early 1940s as about the New Orleans players. What he has rejected—often with a violence which seems slightly comic to the outsider—is one particular strain of jazz, developed since 1941-2 by the "bop" and "cool" musicians. We may or may not agree with him in his rejection, though the arguments on which he bases it are pretty feeble, for M. Panassié is an emotional rather than an intellectual critic, a man who can (except when blinded by friendship) recognise quality and communicate his and its excitement, but who can no more analyse what it is that makes good blues than Bessie Smith, who said "they have to be low-down." (His entry on the term "low-down" in the Dictionary illustrates these virtues and weaknesses to perfection.) But a man who can't explain himself may still have judg-

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ments well worth taking seriously. At all events, the Dictionary is a much more comprehensive work than a reading of the blurb would suggest.

It consists of entries, varying in length from a few lines to four pages on jazz musicians and singers, orchestras, standard pieces from the jazz repertoire, instruments and technical terms of the music, together with lists of recommended records. Since M. Panassié's taste on what he likes is superb, the reader may safely be guided by these. For those who like to look at the photos of jazz-players—and there is a strange appeal in these devoted and formal coloured faces—there is a good collection of pictures. M. Panassié is not cut out by nature to be a compiler of encyclopædias, even allowing for his refusal to let the Whig dogs emerge from their kennels, but this book is, within its limits, a first-rate reference book and guide to all jazz up to 1941 and to a great deal since. Jazz-lovers will not need to be told to buy it. Laymen, who buy it for their jazz-struck sons, will find it interesting to dip into. Supporters of "modern" jazz will be apoplectic at it, which is, no doubt, what the authors would wish them to be.

FRANCIS NEWTON

# Right After All?

**The Bible as History.** By WERNER KELLER. Translated by WILLIAM NEIL. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25*s.*

Archaeology, as a tool for the critical study of the Bible, is more factual than either textual or the so-called "higher" criticism, being less open to unverifiable theories. Recently, as more sites have been excavated and more ancient texts discovered and deciphered, there has been a reaction against some adventurous speculations of former critics, and some archaeologists are crusaders for what they call "the truth of the Bible"—by which they mean the general reliability of its historical information where this can be tested by archaeology. Some go further, and use this as a proof of its unique divine origin.

Mr. Keller and his English publishers come in on this tide. He is a journalist who has collected from learned reports many stories of archaeological discovery. He gives an attractive account of the history of "the fertile crescent" (Egypt-Palestine-Mesopotamia) from 2000 B.C., for which the Old Testament is a primary document, and shows how often archaeology has confirmed and expanded what the Bible says about persons, places and events, from Abraham to the Maccabees. "The Bible is right after all!", he cries triumphantly. "Science proves the Bible is true!", the placards shout all over London, advertising his book.

He does not seem, however, to have read the critics whom he opposes. They believe, he says, that the Bible contains only "pious tales," but he gives few names or details. He is sure that all the tales are true. "Although we found no trace of Noah's Ark," he quotes from one archaeologist's report, "my confidence in the biblical description of the Flood is no less." The story of Ahab, he says, "has been dismissed as legend. . . . Obviously this monarch did not build his entire palace of ivory. Since this has however been generally assumed, the veracity of the biblical passage has been questioned." He then gives, to confute these doubters, archaeological information which can be found in any critical commentary. There has been, he laments, "a vast amount of disbelief" about the manna which the children of Israel ate in the wilderness; but faith is vindicated, because manna is a secretion exuded by tamarisk bushes when bitten by a plant-louse.

Mr. Keller agrees that archaeology has less to say about the New Testament. Places, like the Pavement, the site of Pilate's judgment seat, can be identified, and details of the story further elaborated from contemporary writings. Mr. Keller is half convinced of the story of the Flight into Egypt because there is a church dedicated to the Holy Family near Cairo; and the saying of Jesus, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church," is confirmed for him by the recent claim that the tomb of the Apostle Peter has been discovered under St. Peter's at Rome. He quotes at some length a speech of the present Pope, declaring that recent astronomical theories support belief in Creation, as told in Genesis, chapter 1.

So far as it goes, the information given by Mr. Keller is interesting and valuable. He is graphic, if rather uncritical, but no doubt some of the more reckless speculations of Bible critics are indeed curbed by archaeology. But when, two hundred years ago, scholars began the long task of studying the Bible as a collection of historical documents, rather than as the inerrant Word of God, they were neither wicked nor foolish. Archaeology is not their enemy but one of their tools; and for many questions it is irrelevant.

H. L. SHORT

# Old Mortalities

**The Reign of King Covenant.** By JANE LANE. *Hale.* 21*s.*

What happened in history is not in itself edifying—least of all, perhaps, what happened in Scots history. But inevitably historians like to moralize their material; and it is rare for anyone to begin to write of the history of Scotland without a desire to preach. Miss Lane inveighs against the Covenant, because it was fanatical, despotic and inimical to the forces of Charles I, and because it thwarted the peaceful independent development of Scotland. She praises Charles because he was rightful king and appeared moderate. Historians, according to Andrew Lang, usually prefer the cause of popular to that of individual tyranny: Miss Jane Lane does her best to redress the balance.

Of course there is force in her argument. The Covenant was repulsive: in it religious mania joined hands with political opportunism; many of its signatories were not only hysterical, but self-seeking, bloodthirsty and treacherous. These qualities were, however, shared by their opponents; and the Stuart monarchy was essentially destructive of every kind of liberty—not least Scottish liberties. It is difficult, therefore (at least south of the Border) to see why one side should, at this date, command more sympathy than the other—though naturally, as Scott pointed out, our feelings veer towards the side that gets the worst of it. Both parties combined unreasoning zeal with ruthless craft; both expressed themselves in sizzling language (one cannot blame the Scots for preferring their own sharp tongues to the cadences of the English litany, however corruptible the former and imperishable the latter). They make splendid reading; but it is odd that historians should go on looking to these seventeenth-century struggles for lessons in morals and politics.

The copybook headings are outmoded; but they seem inevitable in this world of cunning and derring-do, in which reality preceded and outpaced fictions of Sir Walter. The Scots were, in fact, always attitudinising: even the timorous Argyll made a brave show when he came to die (monstrously undervalued by Miss Lane, as she overvalues Montrose's bravura performance). They were devious but insistent, violent but cautious, inspiring but sterile. Their religions can only be understood by those who have sympathy with fanaticism, their allegiances by those who can unravel the effect of the modern world on clannish feudalism, while their politics are, of course, only intelligible if their country is considered in its proper perspective—that is, as a part of Britain. Miss Lane has not attempted to fit herself to these demanding qualifications: but her narrative conveys at least a part of the pattern and flavour of events.

C. S. BENNETT

# Shorter Reviews

**Guides and Marshals.** By G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

A boy about to sit for a science scholarship at Oxford some years ago discovered, a week before the exam, that he would be expected to pass in a "General" paper. An older friend, asked to come to the rescue, lent him Lowes Dickinson's *A Modern Symposium* and Stuart Chase's *The Tyranny of Words*, and on the strength of these books, he said on his return, he had managed to answer the necessary questions. He got his scholarship. It is no disparagement of Sir George Rostrevor Hamilton's book to say that it might well be included in the list. This sort of book is none too easy to come by. It is an exploration of the function of language in the creative processes. Sir George takes a series of general propositions about words, none of which will be very new or exciting to the seasoned reader, and illustrates, rather than demonstrates, them with a wealth of quotation, allusion and anecdote. One of the ideas propounded is that "the essential aim of poetry is not to discover truth but to create experience." This is the sort of simplification which can stimulate thought. At the end of the book one has the sense of having been in the company of a cultivated and well-stored mind. Just the thing, in short, for our science scholars.

J. R.

**The Sexual, Marital, and Family Relationships of the English Woman.** By DR. EUSTACE CHESSER and OTHERS. *Hutchinson.* 75*s.*

Better call it the Chesser Report: it is really Dr. Chesser's affair, although his Survey ("the most important . . . Survey of women's emotional attitudes in marriage and family life ever undertaken in this country," say the publishers—and they are probably right) had the willing co-operation of 1,500 doctors and 6,000 of their women patients, each of whom

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anonymously completed a very long questionnaire. There was also an impressive panel of well-known sexologists to guide the research. "It was Dr. Alfred Kinsey," says Dr. Chesser in his Preface, "who largely created the climate of public opinion which made this Survey possible"; and in whatever ways it may fall short of complete scientific objectivity, this huge volume is a sociological document of very great interest. Far more ambitious in its sociological scope than Kinsey, it assesses and compares the effects on family happiness of religious observance, the parental control of children, sibling relationships, and most of the social pressures that modern marriage has to withstand. By comparison with the familiar social survey that puts into graphs and numbered paragraphs what everyone knew already, the Chesser Report is full of such odd revelations as that "more of the younger women had asked their parents about the 'facts of life,' and of those who asked, more received full and truthful information than did the older women," while "one half of those born since 1934 did not ask their parents, and of those who did, one half felt that they were told neither the truth nor all they wanted to know."

The difficulty in compiling the questionnaire must have been to decide what to exclude rather than what to ask for, though it would have been interesting to know, for example, how many parents are inhibited in the matter of sex education, by fears that the full-informed child will be rejected and ostracised by the crowd. But the entire project was abundantly worthwhile, and its results are digestibly presented.

C. H. R.

**Germany's Comeback.** *Boas International Publishing Company.* 81*s.*

What caused the "German Miracle"? This huge, luxurious book, running to over 700 pages, attempts to show that it was the product of the industry, brains and determination of Germany's capitalist class, aided by the wisdom of the Federal Government, which allowed them to have their heads. Its glossy pages are an interminable picture-gallery of the hard-faced men who did well out of the defeat. For here, surely, is the key to the miracle. It was the wholesale destruction of German industry by bombing and the dismantlement of what remained by the Allies, which gave German capitalists their chance. With the help of cheap American loans—which fear of Russia turned from a trickle into a flood—they were able to create an entirely new industrial network, built on post-war principles of efficiency, which is inevitably driving us from world markets. The German working class, stunned and demoralised by defeat, and conscious of a war-guilt which they felt that only fanatical hard work could expurgate, provided these men with the most docile industrial proletariat of the post-war world, and kept in power a free-enterprise government which ensured the necessary administrative stability. In short, the moral of the history of post-war Germany is that it pays to lose world wars—provided your victors are sentimental and simple-minded democracies.

P. J.


An English Coxswain

**HEADS ABOVE WATER**

The Lifeboat Service receives no State assistance in keeping its head above water. Your contribution may be only a drop in the ocean—but it will help to keep the lifeboats floating. Send it, however small, to

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# Week-end Competition

## No. 1,401

**Set by Holy Willie**

"Scotland Slipping Away from Hogmanay?" queried the *Manchester Guardian* this week, reporting an "eerie midnight silence in Glasgow." The usual prizes are offered for any two verses from an Elegy for Hogmanay in the Burns stanza. Entries by January 15.

## Result of No. 1,398

**Set by Dionysius**

At this time of year much juvenile literary talent is devoted to the writing of letters to Santa Claus. The usual prizes are offered for such a letter as it might have been written by a youthful Lady Docker, H. G. Wells, Lenin, Nancy Spain, Randolph Churchill, Lytton Strachey, or James Joyce.

**Report**

Nobody had much success in getting into the mind of the youthful Spain or Docker—references to tiny blue jeans and sapphire-eyed dolls were really not enough. "My mammy says I can have anything I like as long as it's not common" (S. M. Mansell) was something like the right lines for Lady Docker; so was F. A. Dobbs's entry which, after a request for a frock, added:

> . . . some poor children have no nice clothes at all that's why I want to help. It will make them happy to see me in a nice new frock instead and they will be proud of their country.

The father of the man was perhaps easier to hit off: anyway there were convincing wishes thought up for most of the males. Here are a few apt and happy ones:

*H. G. Wells:* Three Cambrian period fossils and a kiddykraft Junior Biologist set (G. L. A.).

I know you are a Myth really but a Good Myth and therefore
I would like a Chemistry set and a Penny Farthing (E. C. Jenkins).

*Lytton Strachey:* Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* with wide margins for scribbling; pin-cushion in the likeness of Queen Victoria. (Frederick)

*Randolph Churchill:* Please bring me a sharp pencil. Also bring my father one too. (E. L. Bates.)

*James Joyce:* . . . a brass strumpet symbols and an apple and an orange and a sexpenny piece. (R. J. P. Hewison.)

As for Lenin, he not only wished for "a revolutionary situation in Russia in advance of the English and the Germans" (H. Alexander) but threatened darkly that "when I am big I am going to be a Santa too" (Findlay P. Murdoch). Two guineas each for the infant Joyces from Stanley J. Sharpless and J. Garvin (from Dublin) and Bevis's Randolph Churchill; a guinea to the Wells from Stevenage (name, please!). Runner-up: Amy Hollins.

JAMES JOYCE

Dear Mythter Claus,

Goodkingwhen I'll hang up bedsocks, bluestockings, and listen for your rooftop hoofstop in the snowfake, jinglejanglejingle, and in your irishsweep chimney-sack please bring presents childers haveth everywhere: e.g. for the bankhollyday feast of Stephen, frozen northpoultry, crystallized Christmastications, nut-cracker sweets, mincesupplies, and a bunch of kissel-toe, also presents of mind such as Gulliver's Travelogues, Home Sweet Homer's Yulysses, O.E.D.ipus, and other fairlystories of famous herotica.

P.S. I also want tickets for the peterpantomime.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Dear Sin Nick,

I look forward to what in no time will be staring me (sheer) in the postface, to writ, a happy isthmus (here) upon this bank and shoal of time (Shike!) and a yappy hissmus Suez muss be if your kacolyte is benefacted by his pattern saint with all of these presents, too whit, (Shike!):

*primo*, a lens for my lice spittle rechearch in achenbite of nitwit;

*suckingly*, a cold steel pen for my inkbattle;

*trinitarianly*, a bunch of blue ribalds for my adzehead;

*quadragesimally*, a skool and crossbuns for my albatrossiferous fourmasters (M., M., L. & Johnny MacDougal in partibus infidelium Ulidiae);

*quincunx*, the five of clubs with a draught on the Bank of England for me to skin my shanks in county Carlow; and

*sex*, (O apple! NO syngeing! MORE gold!), a miscegenation of mules disguised as high horses.

Yours, till hell frieses,
James A. Joyce
(Author of the *Calico Belly*).

J. GARVIN

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

Dear Santa Claus,

This Christmas I want:
A model of a sacred cow,
A set of miniature Press Lords (The kind with reversible heads),
A scale-model of the Ship of State that will float without inflation,
*Round the Cape in Forty Days.* (When I have read this, I will pass it on to those less fortunate.)

I do not want:
Any paint-boxes. Boxes of bricks. *Life with Father.*

Love,
Randolph.

P.S. I intend to smash the cow, but I can find the hammer myself.

R. BEVIS

H. G. WELLS

Dear mith called Santa Claus,

Dad told me to write this, else you would not get it for I don't believe in you any longer, because my book of knowledge vol. I says that no one can be in two places at once and yet you are supposed to visit every boy and girl in the universe in one night. But just to give you a chance to proove yourself I want a sledge and raindeer like yours so I can ride to the moon. You can leave them in the garden tyed to the apple tree. But I dont believe you can do this, because you are like god who never ansers my prairs, so I just ask for book of knowledge vol. 2 and go on not believing in you.

yours truly,
Herbert Wells

# City Lights

**Turning a New Leaf**

It is pleasantly reassuring to come back from a newspaperless holiday and find the City much as one left it. Stock markets, roused from their Christmas lethargy, are mildly applauding General Stockwell: oil shares have moved back up and some commodity prices are beginning to slip back down. Mr. Clore is clambering on the Bermudan bandwagon, Mr. Wolfson is muscling in on the boot-and-shoe business with a bid for "Easiephit," and the Chancellor has warned the country not to expect his resignation until it is explicitly asked for. Counting-house theologians are still ceremonially debating whether this big word or that is a more appropriate description of the indescribable—inflation is hallowed by tradition, but the deflationists are finding fresh arguments in the latest industrial investment figures and pointing to the relaxation of HP restrictions on cars as evidence that the government leans to their choice of epithet. The City's keen nose for recession may have come partly from blown-out ὑβρις, partly from its acquired scepticism about the ability of any government—particularly this one—to conduct its affairs with competence. But it exists, and with the full effect of various government actions on industrial profits still to make themselves obvious, share prices are unlikely to shoot far ahead for the time being, though there

are likely to be jagged ups-and-downs of confidence. Given the shadow of an excuse, however, the market prefers to be optimistic, and the long-term prospect for British industry is vague enough to serve as an excuse as soon as the worst of the immediate squeeze on profits seems to be passed.

* * * *

The general rise in the gilt-edged market since Christmas is probably more significant than the random bubblings of equity prices. The Treasury bill rate has fallen steadily for the past three weeks, and though the strength of competition for the bills offered will explain a good deal, it seems possible enough that grandmama has had a quiet word with the boys. Even before Sir Anthony's little spree it was becoming difficult to scrape up fresh reasons for keeping short-term interest rates at their present level. Bill rate had begun to slip, the banks were buying gilt-edged stocks and the market was improving. The pressure on sterling and the run on the gold reserve halted, but scarcely reversed this trend, and now that the kitty has been replenished it seems to have been resumed.

The Bank Rate mechanism in its traditional form is now not merely a harmless piece of ritual tomfoolery, but a positive hindrance to the objects it is supposed to serve. The disadvantages of the present level of *short-term* interest rates are now accepted by everybody except those dodoesque exegetes who persist in arguing as if the gold standard still ruled and commercial bills retained their predominance. The high short-term rate brings in a negligible amount of foreign exchange (however it may affect lending), while adding heavily to the budgetary burden of the national debt and the exchange cost of servicing the foreign balances held in this country. Most absurd of all, it frustrates the funding operations for which all orthodoxy is crying: for many investors, particularly the banks, there is no point in tying up money in long-dated stocks while shorts provide as good or better a return. Either long rates must go up further (which even Mr. Macmillan will hardly risk) or short rates must come down.

Bill rate has already dropped ½ per cent. in three weeks, but it cannot drop much further under the present system without bringing into question the level of Bank Rate—changes in which have acquired "incantational" overtones whose irrationality, pressed into service four years ago as a valuable attribute of the system, are now discovered to be a cumbersome nuisance. Judging the proper time for a change in Bank Rate is a job for dilettantes and politicians: if sterling holds firm over the next month or two the case for a reduction will be overwhelming. But even without reducing Bank Rate, the Treasury bill rate could be forced down further by starving the market of bills and so inducing a loosening in the rigidity of the present monetary system. Freeing the lending and borrowing rates of the commercial banks, for example, and overhauling the operations of the discount market syndicate would not only be the first step towards finding out whether some kind of monetary policy is workable but would provide the banking system with a taste of that competition whose virtues the chairmen will be extolling in a few weeks' time.

TAURUS

# The Chess Board

### No. 373. No Fool Can Play Chess . . .

"But only fools do," continues the old adage, and those of us who give too much time to the game will sadly agree. It is the first part of the statement that may be open to doubt, for surely there have been quite a few chess-masters whose intellectual attainments (and interests) in other fields were negligible, to put it mildly. Even so, it may be a fairly safe generalisation to put the educational standard of chess-masters and the range of their intellectual interests at rather above average. Yet, when we try to go to the other extreme in search of chess-masters who have achieved remarkable eminence in some other sphere, I can think of only two. One, of course, was Lasker who, if he had never touched a chess board in his life, would still have his imperishable niche as one of the truly creative mathematicians. The other one was Buckle. I may be sentimentally biased since his *History of Civilisation* happened to serve me as a very enjoyable English primer, but even those who are more critical than a schoolboy in quest of a strange language, may well admit that Buckle's *magnum opus* was merely meant to be an introduction and that, but for his death at 40, he would have grown to be one of the great historians. As a chess-master he certainly ranked among the first half-dozen of his time. Here's how he trounced Löwenthal in 1851.

(1) P-KB4, P-KB4, (2) P-QKt3, Kt-KB3, (3) P-Kt3, P-K3, (4) B-QKt2, P-K2, (5) B-Kt2, P-B3, (6) Kt-QB3, Kt-R3, (7) Kt-R3, P-Q3, (8) O-O, O-O, (9) P-K3, B-Q2, (10) Q-K2, P-KR3, (11) KR-K1, Q-B2, (12) Kt-B2, P-K4, (13) PxP, PxP, (14) Kt-Q3, B-Q3, (15) P-K4, P-B5, (16) PxP, B-Kt5, (17) Q-B2, Q-Q2, (18) Q-R4, Kt-R4, (19) P-B5, Kt-B3, (20) Kt-K2, BxKt, (21) RxB, QR-K1, (22) K-R1, P-QKt4, (23) B-KB3, Q-KB2, (24) R-Kt1, K-R2, (25) R-Kt6, R-KKt1, (26) R(2)-Kt2, Kt-Kt1, (27) Kt-B2, QKt-Q2, (28) P-Q5, K-R1, (29) B-B1, B-K2, (30) B-R5!, Q-B1, (31) Q-R3, KtxB, (32) QxKt, Kt-B3, (33) Q-R3, B-R6, (34) BxP (at last), Kt-R2, (35) BxP ch, RxB, (36) RxR soon resigned

Here is how (in 1846) Buckle punished Kieseritzky's attempt to give him P & move. A year or two later no one would have dared to give him odds.

(1) P-K4, Kt-QB3, (2) P-Q4, P-K4, (3) P-Q5, QKt-K2, (4) B-KKt5!, Kt-KB3, (5) BxKt, PxB, (6) Q-R5 ch, Kt-Kt3, (7) Kt-KB3, Q-K2, (8) P-Q6!, Q-B2, (9) PxP, B-B4, (10) QKt-Q2, P-Q3, (11) B-Kt5 ch, B-Q2, (12) Q-B5!, KR-B1, (13) O-O-O, P-QR3, (14) BxB ch, QxB, (15) Kt-B4!, R-B1 (best), (16) R-Q5, Kt-K2, (17) Q-R5 ch, R-B2, (18) RxB!, PxR, (19) R-Q1, Q-K3, (20) Kt-Q6 ch, K-B1, (21) KtxQR, KtxKt, (22) Q-R6 ch, R-Kt2, (23) R-Q8 ch, K-B2, (24) Q-R5 ch . . . and soon won.

**A:** H. T. Buckle 1840

"Beware of the Obvious." Entries by Jan. 14.

While still a boy (and playing White) Buckle reached the position of **A** and gained a speedy triumph. An easy 4-pointer for beginners. **B** (a draw) and **C** (a win) are both famous beauties and rate 6 and 7 ladder-points. When searching for the key-move of **C**, competitors would do well to think of a recent headline

**B:** A. A. Troitzky

**C:** L. Kubbel 1925

## REPORT ON COMPETITIONS

### No. 369. Set December 8

A: (1) . . . P x Kt; (2) B x Q, P-B7 ch; (3) K-K2, B-Kt5 ch, etc.
B: (1) K-R6, K-R1; (2) Kt-R4, K-Kt1; (3) Kt-B5, K-R1; (4) Kt-K7, K-Kt1; (5) Kt-B6, K-R1; (6) Kt-K7, etc.
C: (1) Kt-Kt4, K x Kt; (2) P-R7, B-K4; (3) K x B, P-R7; (4) B-K1 ch, K-Kt6; (5) B-B3, K x B; (6) P — Q, P — Q; (7) K any if (6) . . . K-B7; (7) Q-R2 ch, K-Kt8; (8) Q-Kt1 ch, K-Kt7; (9) Q-B2 ch, K-Kt8; (10) Q-K1 ch, K-Kt7; (11) Q-Kt4 ch, K-B7; (12) Q-R3, K-Kt8; (13) Q-Kt3 ch, K-R8; (14) Q-B2, etc.
(1) P-R7 is refuted by . . . B-K4.

Quite a few stumped by **C**, even so nearly a score of correct solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, C. H. Brown, R. C. Chaturvedi, W. T. Maccall, C. Sansom.

### No. 370. Set December 15

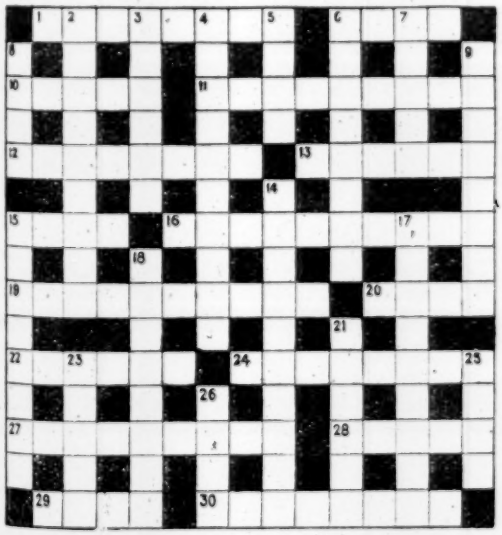
A: (1) . . . Q x Kt; (2) B x Q, Kt-B6 ch; (3) K-B1, B-Kt4 ch
B: (1) Kt-B2 ch, K-Kt6; (2) P-B7, P-R7; (3) Kt-K4 ch, K-B6; (4) Kt-Q2 ch, K-K6; (5) Kt-B4 ch, K-K5; (6) Kt-Q2 ch, K-K4; (7) Kt-B4 ch, etc.
C: (1) P-Q7 ch!, K x P; (2) B-K5, K-B1; (3) K-B1, B-Kt1; (4) B x B, K x B; (5) K-K5, K-B2; (6) K x P, etc.
if (3) . . . K-Q2; (4) K-Kt5, K-K2; (5) K-Kt6, K-K1; (6) K-B6, K-Q2; (7) K-B7, K-B1; (8) K x P, K-Kt2; (9) K-Q7, K-R1; (10) K-B6!, etc. But *not* (10) K-B8?, B-Kt1!, etc.

An easy week and plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: C. Allen, A. Bamford, L. J. Jackson, F. Jaeck, J. M. Reid, G. Roblin. In the 28th ladder-decade C. G. Hilton (768) is 1st, followed by a "photo-finish" between 24th decade-winners A. J. Roycroft (681) and E. A. Barclay-Smith (676) and by C. J. Morse who got 675 points since starting from scratch after the 17th decade in June 1954.

ASSIAC

# Week-end Crossword No. 232

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 232, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Jan. 15.*



### ACROSS

1. Played first after the round of cards, but made slow progress (8).
6. Soldiers and horrific film actress (4).
10. The head goes on and on about me (5).
11. Bell-ringer for a certain Sunday (9).
12. Can smile if the drug is mixed (8).
13. Standard nonsense comes from the good talker (6).
15. Beauty is Nature's, according to Milton (4).
16. It looks as if an Italian graduate precedes the rest perhaps in making scientific instruments (10).
19. "As it isn't, it ain't. That's logic," he said (10).
20. This side is behind a shepherd (4).
22. Obstruct a basket (6).
24. There is room among fools for varieties of 10 (8).
27. Giving by way of a return performance (9).
28. Boast against a lady (5).
29. Slope for hypocrisy (4).
30. Comedian who might be remanned for variety (8).

### DOWN

2. Restore or control a country (9).
3. Evidently two are able to dance (6).
4. Looking up the particulars about the money disposed of (10).
5. Dull—Shakespeare is the reverse of that (4).
6. Expressions of determined champions (8).
7. Second meandering for a river (5).
8. Girl without a standard (4).
9. Competitions to study experiments (8).
14. Capital company with a writer and a golfer (10).
15. Those who make mincemeat of Schubert? (8).
17. Common ending (9).
18. Partisan who has his head broken over the payment (8).
21. Someone untidy in the translation of novels (6).
23. Delicious food up-country (5).
25. "What can ennoble ——, or slaves, or cowards?" (Pope) (4).
26. Thin coating for a picture (4).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 230*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| S | A | M | P | L | E | D | ■ | F | E | L | U | C | C | A |
| T | ■ | O | ■ | I | ■ | I | ■ | A | ■ | O | ■ | R | ■ | U |
| E | L | L | A | G | I | C | ■ | T | U | R | K | E | Y | S |
| P | ■ | O | ■ | H | ■ | K | ■ | H | ■ | D | ■ | M | ■ | T |
| P | E | T | I | T | ■ | W | H | E | T | S | T | O | N | E |
| E | ■ | O | ■ | B | ■ | H | ■ | R | ■ | ■ | ■ | N | ■ | R |
| D | E | V | I | L | S | I | N | C | A | R | N | A | T | E |
| ■ | ■ | ■ | U | ■ | T | ■ | H | ■ | E | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| P | R | E | S | E | N | T | P | R | A | C | T | I | C | E |
| O | ■ | P | ■ | ■ | ■ | I | ■ | I | ■ | E | ■ | N | ■ | P |
| S | T | O | C | K | I | N | G | S | ■ | I | C | E | N | I |
| T | ■ | C | ■ | E | ■ | G | ■ | T | ■ | V | ■ | R | ■ | Z |
| I | N | H | A | B | I | T | ■ | M | A | E | S | T | R | O |
| N | ■ | A | ■ | L | ■ | O | ■ | A | ■ | R | ■ | I | ■ | O |
| G | A | L | L | E | O | N | ■ | S | U | S | T | A | I | N |

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 230

*D. A. Kepper* (*London, W.2*), *Miss M. Phillips* (*London, N.W. 11*), *Mrs. R. Sandler* (*London, W.2*).

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Applications are invited for a senior research post in connection with the Birmingham Redundancy and Re-employment Study. Applicants should have experience of organising social research. The post will be tenable for two years at a salary, according to qualifications, of up to £1,250 per annum, plus F.S.S.U. Applications (two copies), with the names of three referees, should be sent not later than January 31, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Birmingham, 15, from whom further details may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Garnett College (Training College for Technical Teachers, 83 New Kent Road, S.E.1). Principal: C. Jameson M.Ed., B.Sc. Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment as Lecturer; person appointed will be required to take part in instruction relating to General Theory and Practice of Education, with special reference to Further Education, and undertake some tutorial responsibility and other work on teaching method applicable to subjects included in the general education of Young Workers, teaching experience in an establishment of further education essential, and experience with young people in industry an advantage. Training College Salary. Appointment will be to the Council's service with assignment to this college. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from and returnable to Principal at college. (S.A.E. F'scap) by January 21. (2478).

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Appointment of Full-time Warden/Youth Leader. Applications are invited for a post which will combine the duties of Warden of the Amersham and District Community Association, and Youth Leader of the Chiltern Youth Club. It is expected that living accommodation will be available at the Community Centre. Salary related to Burnham Scale in accordance with qualifications and experience. Full details of this post obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury.

SURREY Education Committee. Youth Service. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for the following vacancies for club leaders: Godalming: Farncombe Youth Club. Sutton: Sutton Youth Club. Both clubs cater primarily for boys and girls of 15 to 20 years of age. Practical experience in mixed youth club work is essential and a recognised diploma or certificate of training is desirable. Salary (at present under review)—Men £460 × 25—£640. Women £425 × 20—£590. (Plus equal pay increments) plus London allowance at Sutton. Application forms and further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from The Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames, and should be returned within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement.

GENERAL Secretary, man or woman, for Voluntary Society engaged in international and national welfare work. Commencing salary £500. Box 9312.

SENIOR Appointment (man) for the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs; responsibility for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme and for out-of-club activities and holidays, as well as general Association developments. Experience in youth work essential. Considerable travelling involved. Salary from £750 per annum. Application forms and further particulars from N.A.M.C. & G.C., 30/32, Devonshire St., W.1.

OXFORD University Delegacy for Social Training. Applications are invited for admission to an examination to be held in Oxford on March 19 and 20, and consisting of an interview together with a general paper and an essay paper, on the results of which one or more Open Exhibitions of £50 or £100 a year may be awarded to persons who wish to train for social work at Barnett House. Further particulars and forms of application are obtainable from the Secretary, Delegacy for Social Training, Barnett House, Wellington Square, Oxford, to whom they should be returned not later than February 4, 1957.

CORPORATION of the City of Aberdeen. Children's Department. Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Warden (woman) in a Reception Centre which accommodates twelve children and provides specialist facilities for their physical and mental assessment. Applicants should hold a diploma in Social Science or possess equivalent qualifications. The salary for the post is £560, rising by annual increments of £15 to £650 per annum, less a charge of £170 per annum for board and lodgings. The successful applicant will be required, for superannuation purposes, to pass a medical examination. Applications, together with a copy of two recent testimonials and the names of two referees, should be lodged with the Children's Officer, 150 Bon-Accord Street, Aberdeen, J. C. Rennie, Town Clerk, Town House, Aberdeen.

WOMEN aged 25-45 needed for part-time Market Research. Interviewing of a particularly interesting kind involving the use of psychological techniques. Training will be given. Write Box 9265.

STYPIST required to assist Training Secretary. Good speeds essential and ability to work on own initiative an advantage. 5-day week. Commencing salary £6 to £7 10s., according to age and experience. Institute of Personnel Management, 8 Hill St., W.1. 'Phone for appntmnt.: GRO. 6000, Ex. 303.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officer. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Visiting Officer in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of children's homes, boarding out and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a university diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience, but will not exceed a maximum of £691 17s. 6d. a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T.I and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than January 19, 1957. Canvassing forbidden.

ARE you dismayed by commercial T.V.? All may not be lost if you seize this opportunity of placing yourself where you can write T.V. advertisements for important London agcy. Write in confidence Box 9388.

CORPORATION of the City of Aberdeen. Children's Department. Applications are invited for the post of an Assistant Children's Officer. The salary scale for the post is £580 rising by annual increments of £15 to £625 per annum. Applicants should be 28 years of age; for applicants of 25 years of age the salary scale is £550 rising by annual increments of £15 to £625 per annum. Candidates should possess the Diploma in Social Science or hold an equivalent qualification. The appointment is superannuable and subject to the passing of a medical examination. Applications, giving full details of qualifications and experience, together with a copy of two recent testimonials and the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be lodged with the Children's Officer, 150 Bon-Accord Street, Aberdeen, before January 19, 1957. J. C. Rennie, Town Clerk, Town House, Aberdeen.

SMALL progressive day-school, ideal surroundings, seeks kindergarten mistress; Easter; s/c. flat available. Mrs. Densham, Frogham, Fordingbridge, Hants.

THE University of Manchester. Ashburne Hall of Residence. Applications are invited for the post of Vice-Warden of this Hall which accommodates about 210 women students. The Vice-Warden will also act as Tutor to one wing (70 students). The duties of Hall Librarian may also be attached to the appointment. Duties to commence in late April, 1957. Stipend not less than £450 per annum according to qualifications and experience, together with board and residence. Applications must be submitted not later than January 26, 1957, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

COUNTY Council of Essex require staff for a newly built home for 10 children in Basildon New Town, i.e. Housemother (£395-£455) and Assistant Housemother (£340-£385). £113 deducted for residential emoluments: Training or experience in similar work essential for Housemothers and desirable for Assistants. Applic. forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

MID-HERTS Group Hospital Management Committee. An intelligent, energetic, keen, adaptable woman required for unusual work as House Mother in experimental unit. Previous experience with children essential. No paper qualifications necessary. Junior Assistant House Mother also required. Applications to Secretary, Bleik House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CHILD Care Officer (Male Assistant) (C. of E.). Social Science H.O. Certificate Child Care reqd. Driving licence essential; travelling expenses and subs. allowances. Salary APT.I II according to experience, plus London Weighting. Superannuation. Supervision of boys aged 12-21. Headquarters London. Apply in writing by January 12, 1957, stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing copy testimonials & names of 2 referees, to Children's Officer, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Sq., W.C.1.

JUNIOR Assistant required to help in research on the chemistry of cells. Interest in biology desirable. Opportunities given for further study. Write, giving details, to Medical Research Council Biophysics Research Unit, King's College, Strand, W.C.2.

ASSISTANT required for Council of Social Service and Citizens' Advice Bureau, experience in interviewing and case-work essential. Salary £364 p.a. Write, stating age and qualifications to Chairman, C.S.S., Town Hall, Friern Barnet, N.11.

MEDICAL Student, preferably senior, London, m. or f., wishing to earn a few pounds abstracting from recent issues medical press should write Box 9398.

£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian require all staff. M./f., perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1. EUS. 2579/2779.

STYPIST required with some experience to assist Membership Secretary. 5-day week. Commencing salary £6 10s to £7, according to age and experience. Institute of Personnel Management, 8, Hill St., W.1. 'Phone for appointment: GRO. 6000, Ex. 308.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 95-99 Praed St., W.2, 69 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House.)

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

CLERICAL worker for office of women's organisation. Shorthand-typing essential; no normal Saturday duty. Commencing salary £7 10s. to £8 10s. p.w., according to age & proficiency. Apply General Sec., Women Public Health Officers' Association, 36 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typist wtd. by Registrar to small voluntary organisation engaged intg. social-medico work. B.C.R., Tavistock Hse. (South), W.C.1. EUS. 4037.

WANTED, competent person for grower's office near Evesham as secretary-book-keeper-wages clerk. Apply in own handwriting. Salary by arrangement. Box 9245.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-Typist required for Department of Town Planning at University College, London (Gower St., W.C.1); interesting post for well-educated (unmarried) person aged 25-40. Hours 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. Salary on scale £475—£595 p.a. Good hols. Applics. to Assistant Secretary.

LONDON Marriage Guidance Council requires Appointment Secretary with good shorthand-typing. £8 10s p.w., pension scheme. Married women 30-45 preferred. Social work exp. desirable. Write Secretary, 78 Duke St., W.1.

CANADA! Mothers' Helps, £9 all found! Cook-Generals, £13 all found! Jobs like these daily at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean Street, W.1. GER. 9911 (ten lines).

TRY the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines).

COOKING—Mon. to Fri. evgs., private hse. with p.g.'s. Wentworth. PARk 4467.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EDUCATED young lady (qualified teacher) requires post abroad. Box 9323.

LADY, educated, in 40's, wants interesting work. Speaks German, French, Spanish. Free to travel, willing to train. Box 9298.

HUNGARIAN interpreter, part-time, London area. Box 9380.

YOUNG lady, gd. tempered, keen int. art, sec. quals., competent car driver, sks. lively congenial post Lond. Box 9378.

PSYCHOLOGY grad. (f.) sks. evg. work, Surrey/Lon. Anything consid. Box 9375.

YOUNG man seeks clerical, secretarial work two days weekly. Gd. typist, book-keeper; French, German. Box 9364.

SEC., expd., 22, seeks non-routine job where intelligence an asset. Box 9344.

ART Editor, book designer, Hungarian refugee, speaking English, German fluently, reqs. employment free lance work as illustrator. Box 9348.

EDUC. lady (30's) sks. full/pt.time wk. Lond. Typing/admin./recep. Box 9360.

## FELLOWSHIPS AND STUDENTSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London, Leon Fellowship. Applications are invited for the Leon Fellowship for Research (preferably in the fields of Economics or Education) for the Session 1957-58. The Fellowship is of the value of not less than £500 a year, and is tenable in the first instance for one year. It is not essential that candidates should be members of a University, but they are expected to put forward a programme of research of an advanced character and to produce evidence that they can carry it out. Selected candidates will be required to attend for interview. Further particulars should be obtained from the Academic Registrar, University of London, Senate House, London, W.C.1, and applications for the Fellowship must be received not later than Feb. 1, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of Oxford Delegacy for Social Training. The Delegates invite applications for a research studentship from graduates who wish to undertake research in social work. The studentship will be of £400 tenable for one year in the first instance. Applications should be made to the Secretary, Delegacy for Social Training, Barnett House, Wellington Square, Oxford, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

## ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

HAMPSTEAD. Good-class accom. for discerning person. Charming sgl. div. rm., author's house. Lady pref. £3. HAM 7428.

CHARM. B/S. £1 p.w. plus 1 hr. help daily & occas. baby-sitting (2 angels). Musician welc. (piano avail.). SPE. 0363.

WELL-furn. sngle. bed-sit. room, mod., clean, quiet hse. Const. h.w. HAM. 8698.

COMF. single bed-sit. room in prof. household, b. & b. or full board. Excellent Continental cooking. WEMbley 8250.

## ACCOMMODATION—continued

N.W.1. Div. rm for yng. prof. woman in s/c flat. Use k., b., tel. £2 15s. Box 9321.

WESTMINSTER. Bed-sitting room in pleasant private house, cooking facilities, cleaning, linen, suit gentleman, 65s. p.w. Apply: 23 Maunsel Street, S.W.1.

FURN. flat, lge. rms., & sing. rm. All conss., newly dec. Quiet house. TOT. 0463.

LONDON. Professional people seeking a well-appointed room with meals, close West End should call at Park House, 140 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

ATTRACTIVE furn. dble. b/s. rm. Also single. All convs. Service. GLA. 7750.

TO let, nicely furnished room. Phone PADdington 8140.

CANONBURY 2495. Single furnished room, all inclusive. £2 per week.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information. Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

PUTNEY, 2 single divan-rooms with kit., use of bath, garden, suitable 2 professional men. £2 15s. each p.w. PUT. 3395.

SHARE self-contained Hampstead flat, 2 rooms offered to 1 prof. woman. Complete independence. 70s. Box 9276.

ATTRACTIVELY furnished flat, very near Holland Park Underground Station. Ladies only. £5 10s. p.w. Ring BAY. 0617.

NEWLY furnished double/single flatlets—some with sep. kit. Basins, hot-plates. Lovely house facing park. 69 Etchingham Park Rd., Finchley, N.3. FIN. 7551.

BAKER St. Stn. 2 mins. Quiet dbles. All conss. Radio. From 4gns. WEL. 7400.

NEWLY furn. dec. dbl. b/s., h. & c., cooking facilities, 4gns. PRI. 5761.

ATTRAC. furn. rm., N. London. Use tel., linen, bath., etc. Ckg. facs. STA. 5085.

ST. John's Wd. Dbl. divn rm. Small kitette, basin c.h.w. £4 wkly. PRI. 4485.

BED-sitting-room in flat, W.11. Breakfast provided, cooking facilities, available for young woman student. Exchange of refs. & terms. Box 8980.

CONTEMP. newly furn. dble. div. rm. & kit./dinette. H. & c., use b., HEN. 6437.

TO let furn., sgle. rm., h. & c., ckg. facs. Overlkg. gdn. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

HAMPSTEAD. Small inexpen. rm., suitable for girl away week-ends. Box 9346.

EPSOM. Invermene House, Epsom Road. Comfortable furnished flatlets. Linen & service provided. Ring Ewell 5024.

YNG. bus. lady sks. single room Cent. London area, immed. Not more than £2 a wk. Cd. give 1 or 2 evgs. babysittg., etc. Miss L. Munzi, 10 Holland Park, W.11.

WORKING mother, baby (day nursery sk. acc. Battersea, S.W. area. Box 9325.

YOUNG lady sks. warm bright room, ckg. facs. Hamp./Highgate. HAM. 8662.

UNFURN. accom. (London) reqd. before Easter by grad. schlmaster., wife, yr.-old daughter (old-fashioned discipline). Box 9196.

YOUNG woman graduate wants good room, separate cooking facilities, central London, Chelsea, N.W.3. Box 9376.

ARTIST, Hungarian refugee, wants to rent accomm. with good light. Box 9347.

STUDENT (m.) seeks accom. with breakfast, in Regents Park, N.W.1 area (Albany St., etc.); reasonable. Box 9343.

RESEARCH scholar, Indian, seeks furnished room near Central London. No petty restrictions. Box 9286.

YOUNG bachelor (Civil Service Executive) requires s/c. furnished or unfurnished flat in London. Write Box 9356.

SECRETARY, early 30's, daughter age 2, urg need accom., preferably inner London or Herts., Surrey border. Box 9270.

For Properties to Let, etc. see p. 27

## MISCELLANEOUS

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.25 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent Hse., Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets. & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

DUREX gloves & all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

OUT with the old ways of serving up cold meat. In with Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

A TOBACCO with a reputation, Tom Long of course—no hesitation.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

## PERSONAL

CHEERFUL reader (f.), 46, vegetarian, at present v.r./ lame & weak physically, seeks comfortable kindly accom. & care in London. Pref. Chelsea or near, approx. 3 mths., while undertaking treatment. Box 9339.

ELDERLY or invalid lady offered light, warm, ground floor accommodation and sole attention by qualified nurse near London; car kept. Reply Box 9338.

EX-NURSE offers comfortable home convalescents or elderly. Short stay or perm. Mod. terms, Mrs. Thompson, 35 Westgate Bay Av., Westgate/Sea. Thanet 31423.

UNDERSTANDING family home needed in South-East England for disabled boy aged 16 who has no relatives. He attends a residential training college but no holiday home. He moves about in callipers. Please write Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes.

A BOY of 5 and his 3-year-old sister are urgently in need of a permanent home with a kindly young couple who will be able to provide a normal happy home for them. Reas. payments made. Write fully to Children's Officer, 36 Barking Rd., East Ham, E.6.

FURNISHED flat, rent free, offered in return for help with child and light duties. Must love children. BAR. 2534.

YOUNG woman, suffering from cost of living, urgently requires to supplement income by evening and/or weekend work. Secretl., house, &c. HAM. 0724 after 7 p.m.

JOURNALIST (Brit.), Hons. degree; knowl. Malaya, Japan, U.S.A., Eur., all-party parl. contacts; wide cult. interests; offers overseas paper weekly London letter. Box 9275.

PUBLISHED author-producer, M.A. (Hons. Eng. & Phil.-mellow vintage), selecting for phictn., etc., from his own transltns. of plays & poems, mainly French (few Gn., It., Sp.), wd. welcome in N.W.1 flat & cd. reciprocate. help in this & rltd. work. Rsdce. poss. soon. Prfsnl. prtnrship. evently. Himself nat. Eng., fluent French. Box 9257.

AU Pair helper wanted in doctor's family. Afternoons and evgs. free. PRI. 3804.

MEDICAL student pref. senior, London, m. or f. See "Appointments Vacant."

CAN anyone offer young commuter (male) sometimes tired by long, daily journeys, occas. pied-à-terre London? Box 9345.

ASSOCIATES & Old Students of Braziers are invited to join sensory research team, Jan. 11-Mar. 8 (resident as far as possible). Write Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

INFORMAL music/literary group. Details from Mrs. Dunn, HAMpstead 8109.

A.T.V.'s television programme "The 64,000 Question" is on a nation-wide search for men and women who have a remarkable knowledge of any subject other than the one they earn their living by. The 64,000 Question, A.T.V., Television House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

RIVIERA holiday flats and villas. 60 Green Lane, Liverpool, 18. Brochure, France and Italy now ready. French car hire without deposit.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

PAYING guests: 1 or 2 received by family in Bavarian Alps. Ski-ing, German conversation; English spoken. 4 D.M. dlv. Studienprofessor Straetz, Miesbach/Obb Kreuzberg 431.

I.Q. Accurate assessment all age groups. Advice. School Services, 62 The Broadway, London, W.5.

COMMON Entrance coaching; retarded & backward pupils. Visited. PER. 3182.

FOREIGN Languages an Asset. "Au pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes, France, Germany, Belgium, available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

INVIGORATING, stimulating and also relaxing is the effect of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment of proved value. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WELbeck 9600.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service. 20 countries. 2½d. stamp to 48 Dalston La., E.8.

CONFERENCES, Week-end and Summer Schools at The Mount, Haverhill, Suffolk. Accomm. 50. Fully equipped. Extensive gdns., tennis, etc. Excel. food. Vacancies 1957. Short notice bkgs. accepted. Terms according to numbers and length of stay. Apply Warden.

THE Society for Psychical Research invites co-operation in a large-scale survey of recent psychic experiences—apparitions, telepathy, prophetic dreams, etc. For particulars and report forms apply to Secretary, 31 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

BELGIAN families welcome English girls "au pair." Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

HUMANISM: A philosophy for modern man. Write: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

## PERSONAL—continued

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society. Conductor: Martindale Sidwell. A few vacancies for experienced singers in all voices. Apply for audition to Mrs. Spalding, 71 Frognal, N.W.3. HAM. 1688. Works for rehearsal by Bach, Monteverdi, Schütz, etc.

PLAYING Cards, old, foreign, curious, wanted. Books on same (not on games) and china or any object related in any way. Penn, 50 Waldeck Rd., London, W.13.

REGINALD Reynolds' new play for the toy theatre, Massacre of Penny Plain, 3s. 6d. Catalogue of theatres & plays: Benjamin Pollock, 44 Monmouth St., W.C.2.

FOREIGN girls seek posts in London families. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

LONDON School of Bridge. 38 King's Road, S.W.3. KENsington 7201.

TRAIN to be a Continental Courier. Stamp for details. H. & C. Couriers (C), 26 Mayfair Avenue, Bexleyheath, Kent.

**1957** Holidays. Our new programme is now ready. Walking tours in the Swiss Alps, Majorca, Dolomites, Tyrol, etc. Sightseeing in Greece, Sorrento Peninsula, Sicily, Spain—and down the Dalmatian coast by fishing boat. Camping in Corsica. Sketching at Florence and Pisa. Mountaineering courses and tours in Austria and Switzerland. Canoeing down the Danube. Walking the "King's Trail" through Arctic Lapland or the Haute Route Glacier Way from Chamonix to Zermatt. For less energetic people we offer some "centre" holidays at unusual places in many parts of Europe, some with inexpensive Air travel. Nearly 100 different holidays to choose from—and all of them are out of the ordinary. Ramblers' Assoc. Services, Ltd., 48B Park Road, Baker Street, N.W.1. Phone AMB. 1001.

AIR Tours in 1957 including air travel both ways and a fortnight's accommodation and full board at charges little higher than normal air fares alone. Southern Spain—15 days to Madrid, then coach tour to Cordoba, Seville, Malaga, Granada, with air to Madrid. 48¾gns. Italian Riviera—Two weeks at Laiguglia, near Alassio. Air to Nice. 37¾gns. The Tyrol—Fortnight at a newly built hotel in a village above Innsbruck. Air to Munich. 36¾gns. Spanish Coast—Fortnight at an hotel right on the sands at Castro Urdiales, our 1957 "discovery." Air to Bilbao. 39¾gns. Yugoslavia—15 days to Lovran near Opatija on Adriatic coast. Air to Klagenfurt, thence by private coach. 45gns. Switzerland—A week at Montreux and a week at Trient, lovely mountain centre in the Valais. Air to Basle. 38gns. Also E. Switzerland, Majorca, Salzburg Lake District, etc. Write for Air Holidays programme to Wings, Limited, 48 (B), Park Rd., London, N.W.1. AMB. 1001.

PAINTING Holidays Abroad from £32 10s. 15 days fully inclusive Easter and Summer. France, Italy, Spain, Majorca, Yugoslavia. All our artist-tutors are highly qualified young men with a flair for helping absolute beginners. Good hotels, excellent food. Short sea crossing. Also English Painting Holidays from £9 9s. and Special Dubrovnik Festival Holiday. Write or call for Brochure: P. Collis, London Atelier, 1, Manchester Sq., London, W.1. WELbeck 9591.

HOUSEWIVES (hard working) demand holidays abroad. Reluctant spouses are easier to persuade when confronted with specially reduced terms for married couples. Painting tuition at Venice, Corsica, Costa Brava, Lake Garda, with air travel from 39gns. incl. Also, architectural tours Italy, Scandinavia, Germany, from 38gns. Free brochure from: European Art Studio (NS), 39 James St., London, W.1. (HUNter 9749.)

YOU can afford a Y.T.C. Holiday. Palma (Majorca) by air, 15 days, 39gns. Austrian Tyrol, Air and Coach, 11 days, 29gns. Write to-day for a free copy of our fully illustrated 1957 Holiday Brochure. Contains full details of these and other holidays at prices you can afford. Y.T.C. Universal, Ltd. (Dept. NS), 27, Queens Gardens, London, W.2. PADdington 4070.

WHEN a vagabond becomes wealthy he is called a tourist. When a tourist consults a good travel agency he is called a Wayfarer. Write for a copy of The Wayfarers 1957 Holidays Abroad Programme and you will see why. The Wayfarers Travel Agency, Ltd., Dept. N.S., 20, Russell Sq., W.C.1. Tel. LANgham 8222.

POLAND—new roads to Socialism and Personal Liberty. Join the British-Polish Friendship Society and receive latest information. Annual sub 5s. includes "New Poland" (monthly). 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

THE Incorporated Society of Registered Naturopaths. Members of this Society have completed a minimum of 4 years' full-time training in Natural Therapeutics. Information: Sec., I.S.R.N., Kingston, Edinburgh 9.

A FREE set of 22 "Thrift" Books for you if you buy or give a new portable typewriter on easy credit terms; from 40s. deposit. 1 year's maker's guarantee. Send now for details to: Dept. NS/3, Contemporary Typewriters, 28-29, Southampton Street, W.C.2.

## PERSONAL—continued

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